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TEN-FOOT SNAKE caught at Darwin. Holding the snake, left to right: J. Betts, W. Martin, S. Johnson, T. W. Bentley, now overseas, J. Rixon.

Soldiers' lively debate around campfire

A DEBATING session round a campfire miles out in the bush on "Are men superior to women?" and "Is women's education keeping them out of the home?" filled in an afternoon off for four young soldiers somewhere in Australia.

Their novel way of spending their time off is described in this week's "Letters from our Boys."

Lance-Corp. R. B. Crow somewhere in Australia to his mother in Kooyongkoot Rd., Hawthorn, Vic.:

"THREE other chaps, Doug McK., Wall Lardner, and John Connard, and I decided to go off by ourselves for the afternoon and evening.

"We packed up all the food we could rake up and set off. After just ambling along for a couple of hours, taking a photo here and there and picking up one or two mushrooms, we arrived at a little stream, where we decided to stop.

"We all stripped off and had a glorious wash in the very fresh water. It was lovely in the sun until about 5 p.m.

"Doug, ever full of spirits, put on a pantomime for us. He was a red-skin brave attacking a campfire, and the antics he carried on with as he crossed the stream and stalked the party had us in hysterics.

"We moved on to a farmhouse, collected a loaf of bread, came back to the stream and built our campfire.

"We cooked spaghetti and beans, mushrooms, and with some cheese and our toasted bread had a delight-

ful first course. We followed this with tinned peaches, finally finishing up with an orange and a slice of cake, the whole lot being washed down with a delicious cup of coffee. What a meal, and did we enjoy it.

"After tea we made the fire bigger to cast a decent light, and then sat around it talking.

"We each thought out two subjects, put them all in a hat, and then drew two subjects for a five-minute lecture.

"I asked the questions, 'Do you approve of University courses?' and 'Is women's education to-day keeping them out of the home?' and the questions I had to answer were, 'Do men think more deeply in camp?' and 'Are men superior to women?'

"From that you can see we had some interesting discussions.

"Naturally none of us was really qualified to answer any of the questions thoroughly, but to hear the different opinions was really interesting, and gave us a full and entertaining few hours."

A soldier in Egypt to his father in Sheffield, Tas.:

"ONE of the things that helps to keep the tail up is the fact that as we moved into a gun position on a ridge that Jerry had just been shelling we got a hearty wave and best wishes from a couple of fellows plugging forward in a truck.

"Yes, you guessed it—the Salvation Army.

"One truck alone distributed 1400 buckets of tea to troops under the very muzzles of Jerry's guns in a single day.

"They are one of the best comfort funds the troops in the front line ever see, and it is all free.

"They came round later with tea, chewing-gum, and biscuits.

"Farther along there was a lot of shell fire, and it was suggested to them that they had gone far enough. However, I noticed that they went on into the thick of it."

An airman at a northern base to Mrs. A. S. Grigg, Evelyn Crescent, Hopetoun, Vic.:

"THE only entertainment we get here is what we organise ourselves. We put on a concert last Saturday night.

"We have an orchestra of twenty-five, and instruments are made from junk off disabled aircraft. You can't possibly imagine what they look like.

"Bass drum is made from a tyre covered with 3-ply and painted aluminium. Circular bass about six feet of two-inch hose and large funnel; musical saw—cross-cut eight feet long, and a ten-foot bow.

"Others are violins from boxes (masterpieces), piano, two saxophones, slap bass, etc.

"I have a trumpet made from one-inch flex tubing, felt hat, and a few bits of aluminium tubing wired together—and she's a beauty.

"The conductor beats us in and someone puts on a hot record—amplified—the results are really funny."



SGT. W. BENTLEY, now at a battle station, photographed with his washtub shortly after joining the R.A.A.F.

Pte. K. A. Milling, in Central Australia, to his sister, Mrs. Eric Johnston, Oranmore, Dunedoo, N.S.W.:

"THE road isn't as bad as I expected. Parts are corrugated, but none worse than the local roads at home, and it is being improved all the time.

"There are a couple of detours which are pretty rough, but they are only temporary. We even have a few miles of asphalt.

"The worst part is the dust and flies, particularly the flies at the dinner camps.

"A typical routine on the track is: Up at 4.30 to 6.30 (depending on your schedule), then breakfast.

"There are proper camps and messing for night stops. Then away 6 a.m. to 8 a.m. Each hour we have ten minutes' spell.

"Dinner is bully beef, bread, perhaps butter or jam, and maybe tinned fruit. Dinner is had at fixed stops, where a man is stationed to boil water. Then on.

"We get in for the night any time from 4.30 till any old time.

"Then we have to grease and oil our trucks, and get our tea. We carry our beds and sleep in or under our trucks.

"A half-day break is given us on our way back, and there is talk of our getting another day for the trip which will give us another half-day off the trip out.

"I'm trying to get a boomerang for each of my nephews, so there'll be hell to pay with the town cows if I do."

A naval rating in Darwin to a friend in Launceston, Tas.:

"I'VE been on a week-end's leave to Adelaide River. It was great.

"I went down with some twenty other ratings and we stayed at an Army fruit and vegetable farm, which is situated right on the river, such a pretty spot, with its mango groves and banana palms and thousands of pineapple plants.

"I've never seen so many tomatoes in all my life. Eight acres were under tomatoes, and they pick one ton a day.

"There are several acres of cabbages and beans, spinach, silver beet, cucumbers. Gosh! did we have a feed, and we brought back cases of tomatoes to Darwin to the boys.

"The farm, as it is called, also has a big poultry run, so you can just imagine how we lapped up eggs, bacon and tomatoes at breakfast. We had nothing to do but just laze, eat and have a good time.

"Pictures on the Saturday night, and on the Sunday the boys on the farm arranged a shooting party for us.

"We travelled some fifty miles into the interior in search of buffalo, but didn't sight even one. However, we bagged a few wallabies and wild duck, so didn't come home empty handed."

THE letters you receive from your menfolk in the fighting services will interest and comfort the relatives of other soldiers, sailors, and airmen.

For each letter or extract from a letter published on this page The Australian Women's Weekly forwards payment of £1.

Let's talk of
**INTERESTING
PEOPLE**



CAPTAIN A. G. BROWN
Red Cross

"NO matter how good the organization of Red Cross, it could not succeed without the untiring work and assistance of the 270,000 women members," says general secretary, Australian Red Cross Society, Captain A. G. Brown, of Melbourne. Appointed in 1939, just before outbreak of war, Captain Brown's duties include co-operating with Allied Red Cross Societies and International Red Cross.

He served with A.I.F. in last war. Won M.C. and Croix de Guerre with palm.



HON. HENRIETTA LODER
Social services

ONLY daughter of Governor of N.S.W., Lord Wakehurst, and Lady Wakehurst, the Hon. Henrietta Loder has just taken her Diploma of Social Studies at Sydney University. Holds first-aid and home-nursing certificates, and is voluntary worker at information bureau at one of Civilian Aid Centres, Sydney. Is also doing business course.

Miss Loder was presented at Court by her mother just before the war.



—Colin Ballantyne
MR. L. McCUBBIN
Camouflage

DEPUTY director of camouflage in South Australia for Commonwealth Government is well-known artist, Louis McCubbin. Mr. McCubbin, who is Director of National Gallery, Adelaide, is also member of art committee of Australian War Memorial Board. This committee is responsible for directing work of official war artists.

Mr. McCubbin was official artist in last war. Later painted mural and battle pictures for National War Memorial, Canberra.

THREE HOURS, FLYING TIME

He was manning a gun in the big flying-boat, but his thoughts were mostly about a girl called Dolly.

By WILLIAM PORTER

THEY picked up the convoy five hundred miles out, three hours, flying time, from England. This was on a Saturday. It was Baby's third trip of the week. Sergeant-Gunner George Edwards, from his vantage point between and below the Sunderland flying-boat's huge fins, had an excellent view of the sea and the sky.

The intercommunication phones popped in his ears, asking the count.

"Twenty-eight, sir," he said.

"Right. Keep an eye out for stragglers."

And so Mr. Edwards looked at the sea and the sky and did some thinking.

There was a picture pasted on the glass in front of him. Time and the salt air had made it yellow.

It was a picture of a number of A.R.P. workers. One of them was named Dolly.

He ran his finger lightly over the newspaper picture. "Next week," he told himself. "Next week there's leave."

The Sunderland was circling her new flock, her port wing dipping low as she turned.

The first hour was uneventful. It was usually that way. The sergeant looked at his watch and spoke into the microphone at his throat.

"Edwards, sir," he said. "May I go and stretch my legs a bit?"

"Go ahead, Edwards."

With a sigh of relief the sergeant made his way into the main cabin and lighted a cigarette. He frowned. But he ignored, for the moment, the man who sprawled on the nearest bunk.

For six months he had been happy and willing to regard First Pilot Henry Richardson as a superior officer, and a rather nice sort. During the past fortnight, however, things had changed. The first pilot had been on leave in Manchester and was recently returned.

"Have a nice leave?" Edwards asked him, drawing him out. Grudgingly, he added: "Sir?"

"If the word's painful, George boy, you needn't bother. Nobody else around, you know. Man to man." Mr. Richardson grinned. "Yes, a very nice leave, thanks. Ran into a friend of yours."

"I heard all about it." The sergeant took a grip on himself and raised his voice. "She wrote me."

"Splendid girl. We met in a shelter. Odd."

"She wrote me," the sergeant repeated. "I know about it. Very odd."

"Belligerent sort, isn't she? Got very threatening when I said I preferred the open air, regardless of the Heinkels. Said I was a menace to morale. Then I heard someone call her Dolly, and I said to myself: 'Ha, Dolly—Manchester.' Then I put two and two together. She was

very glad to see me, once she learned about our being in the same crew and all that."

"She wrote me a long letter," Mr. Edwards looked narrowly at the first pilot. "Dinner at them fancy places, and all that. You did it up brown, up and down, didn't you?"

"For the sake of old times and companionship. And you, George."

"Look here," the sergeant burst out, "it's not exactly fair, you know, I mean, you've got a full set of wings, and a commission, and elegant talk. She's still my girl."

"Certainly, sergeant," the first pilot said, smiling. "But you know how it is with the girls. A chap's flattered when a girl takes to him."

"She's still my girl. Not yours, and you remember."

"Sir," the first pilot added significantly.

"Sir," the sergeant muttered.

After he had finished his cigarette and returned to the cage, Mr. Edwards bent over and looked critically at the photograph pasted in the corner. There was at least one pleasant reflection. She had given the first pilot what-for about going into the shelter. Belligerently. The last time the sergeant had been with Dolly, five weeks ago, she hadn't even mentioned the shelters when the alarm came. They were out in the back lot of her house, where the rabbit hutches were, and they stood there and watched Jerry swarm over.

A little later, when a big one came close, they'd locked their arms around each other and stood like children in a thunderstorm, terrified and yet delighted. No talk about shelters at all.

That, however, was before she met the first pilot.

Grimly Mr. Edwards put the memory out of his mind and went back to his job.

Towards three o'clock the bombers came. Hammersmith, the No. 2 port gunner, spotted them first, coming up from the south-east, and Sergeant Edwards heard the first pilot call for combat combination through the intercoms.

"Five—six—" Hammersmith was saying. "Six, sir. Junkers."

It was several seconds before they came within the vision range of the tall group, and the sergeant checked his guns. Down below the destroyers were nervously fanning out the convoy into a straggly echelon.

"Edwards ready," the sergeant said into the intercoms. He waited keenly.

That night that they watched Jerry from the rabbit hutches was the same night she gave him the stocking. He'd thought about asking for a long time. It was almost sunup and they sat on the back steps, watching the daylight grow. He looked intently at his boots and asked about the stocking.

"I must say that's an odd thing to ask a girl for," Dolly had remarked, sitting up straight. She detached her fingers from his grasp. "George Edwards, is that what they teach you in the R.A.F., asking a girl for her stocking? Maybe you think you go pretty fast—"

"You know George Edwards better than that, m'girl," he pleaded. "We wear a stocking in our helmets, a silk stocking. It's a regular thing, really it is."

So then she took his chin in her hand and tilted his head in the other direction, so that he couldn't see, and then she lifted her skirt.

"I oughtn't now. It's my last pair, it was, and I was saving them, and there aren't any more." Then she'd leaned forward and kissed the back of his neck.

"But my love goes with it; and if that's any help, you can remember it."



Arms locked around each other, George and Dolly stood watching the enemy planes.

That was the way it had been. The sergeant remembered with a great deal of pleasure. He could feel it now, the warm pressure against his head, inside his helmet. And all her love went with it.

A Junker burst through his memories. It blazed past in a burst of speed and went into a sharp vertical turn, coming in to take the Sunderland from behind and above, raking her backbone to the front office. That was George Edwards' meat. He rolled backward in his tiny seat and swung the guns upward.

Maybe thirty seconds later the No. 2 port gunner's voice came.

"You hit him, Mr. Edwards. He's out of it."

After that it was pretty wild, and the sergeant couldn't make much sense of it. The intercoms were full of talk, and Baby moved desperately back and forth along the convoy's flank with her gun traps hot.

Just then Mr. Edwards caught sight of a single German aircraft he had not seen before. This one was clear of the fight, a long way upstairs—eight thousand feet or so.

"Seaplane upstairs and to starboard," he said into the intercoms. "Biplane—shipboard scout, from the looks of her."

No light biplane had the range to cruise out here. And the floats meant that the Jerry was a catapult craft. She was off a surface warship then—a cruiser, at least; probably a battleship...

The biplane had no interest in the scramble. He stayed upstairs

and cut a slow circle. The sergeant knew what he was up to, sinking up the convoy, but he was too busy to worry.

After a while the four remaining 118's left. One was limping.

"That's enough," the C.O. said. He sounded tired.

George Edwards opened the chin strap of his helmet and took a long breath. Up against the vastness of the leaded sky the biplane was also going away. The sergeant watched, narrowing his eyes. The C.O. was talking to him through the intercoms again.

"Can you still see the spotter, Sergeant Edwards?"

"Yes, sir. But he's on his way. North, sir."

"He'll be back," the C.O. said quietly.

"With a battleship," the sergeant muttered.

Down below, the destroyers were anxiously herding the convoy back into a travelling pattern. There were only twenty-six of them left.

When he got permission for a spot of coffee, George found Hammersmith and Hodges, the No. 1 starboard gunner, already in the galley.

"Suppose we'll find the thing?" Hodges asked.

"Dunno." The Sunderland had left the convoy fifteen minutes ago and headed north, following the path of the German shipboard scout, hunting for surface craft. "Anything of ours close?"

Please turn to page 4

"It's a great
Cigarette."



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Three Hours, Flying Time

Continued from page 3

I HEARD Sparks talking to the Old Man," Hammer-smith said. "He was in touch with one of our battleships. She's two hours away."

"In two hours that bloomin' convoy will be at the bottom of the ocean," the sergeant growled. "What I want to know is, what do we do if we find the Jerry? We ain't exactly a match for eleven-inch guns."

There were boots on the catwalk, and then First Pilot Henry Richardson stooped through the hatch. He smiled when he saw the sergeant and waved the three crewmen down when they started to rise.

"Well," the first pilot chirped, rubbing his hands together over the kettle, "quite a scramble, eh?" He glanced towards the rear gunner. "Understand you did yourself proud, sergeant."

"Did my duty," the sergeant said. "No more, no less."

"That's the spirit," the first pilot said. "The spirit of the R.A.F.!"

He sat down, yawning wearily, loosened the chin straps of his helmet and pulled it off, then ran his fingers through his hair.

"Where'd you get that?" George Edwards said suddenly.

He jabbed a finger towards the first pilot's helmet. A soiled silk stocking was rolled there.

"Eh?" Mr. Richardson looked innocently towards the helmet. Then, as if suddenly remembering, he snatched it from the boards and slipped it into his tunic. "Look here, sergeant, you weren't supposed to see that." He smiled.

"Where'd you get it?"

The first pilot laughed. "In Manchester, George, if you have to know. But there are a great many young ladies in Manchester, you know."

"Not with silk stockings," Hodges put in.

Mr. Edwards came to his feet, facing the first pilot.

"You know what I ought to do?" Mr. Edwards was losing his temper. "I ought to show you a thing or two."

"George, that was a rather disagreeable thing to say." The first pilot shrugged. "It wouldn't make much sense—now would it? Old chums like you and me fighting over a girl. Any girl?"

"It's not what you'd call any girl. This is Dolly." George hooked his thumbs in his belt. "I ought to show you what for. Maybe I would if—"

Hammer-smith came to his feet.

"Look 'ere, George, you—"

"If what, sergeant?" the first pilot asked quietly.

"If it wasn't for your blasted gold wings and the stripes—"

Slowly Mr. Richardson stood up. The smile was still there, occupying one corner of his mouth.

"Don't let the wings and the stripes stop you, old boy," he said. "Go ahead. Have at it."

Afterwards, George often wondered if, circumstances not interfering as they did, he would have accepted the invitation. But as they stood there, toe to toe and eye to eye, someone up front spotted a thin line of smoke against the horizon.

The inter-communication amplifier began to call for combat stations.

"Looks like we found her," Hodges said. "George, you'd better go back where you belong."

The C.O., a sharp sound in the intercoms, was asking for the first pilot now.

"Sorry, George," Mr. Richardson said, buttoning the top of his tunic. He laced the straps of his helmet tight with the stocking again inside. "Suppose we postpone it a bit, eh?"

The small amudge against the horizon was the ten-thousand-ton pocket battleship Hunhorst. George was wondering just what Baby could do about it.

They attacked with the bombs first. Baby came up from the stern. The first pilot held her very steady.

Sergeant George Edwards laid his elbows across the gun breeches and watched the bombs hit.

One of the 250-pounders hit a little aft of amidships, somewhere near her rear tower. The ship rocked on her beams for a moment, then plunged on. A bucket of shrapnel burst a hundred yards away, and the big Sunderland rocked.

"Ease her down a thousand, Mr. Richardson," the C.O. said.

Another shell burst close to Baby's fins, pushing the sergeant back against the seat. He was beginning to realise that the Sunderland could do no better than come out a very poor second in this encounter.

"Gun her decks," the C.O. said. "Lively!"

George tightened his hands on the firing handles as the Sunderland swung across the battleship's bow. Three men were handling a multiple gun mount down there, and the sergeant gave them his private attention.

The Hunhorst slackened speed only slightly during the next twenty minutes. It was a running fight, constantly moving closer to the convoy.

The sergeant could make out, far against the horizon, the tell-tale smoke of the convoy. There was another multiple gun mount, a nest of 50's, upon which he had been working for several minutes.

The two Nazi crewmen who manned the emplacement had a good go, too, and they used it to effect. A handful of lead rattled

Animal Antics



"Oh, Alfred, how nice! A corsage!"

into the Sunderland's huge tail assembly and poked inquisitively at the rear blister. A bullet came through and hit the sergeant's upper left arm, rocking him backward.

Then, as Baby swung in a turn, a three-inch shell hit solidly in her port wing, close to the fuselage.

Mr. Edwards glanced downward. He could see the convoy quite plainly now, scattered, and fanning toward the south. The two destroyers had detached themselves from their flock and were speeding northward. North to meet the Hunhorst. They had no chance of survival against her, but they raced in at forty knots.

Somehow it was a pleasant sight for an Englishman to see.

The order to abandon ship came a few seconds later. The first pilot managed to fight the battered flying-boat upward a few hundred feet, to make the jumping safer. The C.O. called the crewmen forward, quickly, naming them all. Sergeant-Gunner George Edwards carefully detached the newspaper picture from the glass.

"Edwards," the C.O. said. "Are you all right, sergeant?"

"All right, sir."

He eased himself out backward, gripping his left arm tightly with the fingers of his right. He turned carefully, clinging to a stanchion, and made his way up the catwalk.

Hodges was just stepping through the hatch, out into space, when the sergeant came up. The C.O. was there, too. He didn't have his life jacket on. He stood there bare-headed, smiling, and put out his hand. George lifted his own doubtfully. It was smeared with red.

"Aren't you?" Edwards asked. The C.O. shook his head. "The first pilot and I have a trick left to show Jerry." George Edwards knew what he meant. "First pilot said he'd like to see you," the C.O. went on. "Lively. She's about gone."

First Pilot Henry Richardson was very busy trying to keep Baby's nose up. George stood there for a second before he turned and saw him. Mr. Richardson didn't offer to shake

hands. He just grinned wisely and shouted something. George leaned closer.

"I said all right," the first pilot repeated. "All right, she's your girl!" He winked.

Then Baby's two remaining motors developed a sputter, and he went back to the throttles. George Edwards knew he should say something; but he could think of nothing to say. So he laid his hand for a second on the first pilot's shoulder. Mr. Richardson turned and threw him a look, grinning. Then George crawled back to the hatch.

The last thing he saw as he jumped was the dark shape of the C.O. lost in the vastness of the hull. The C.O.'s hand was lifted. Thumbs up.

Baby performed her last assignment rather well. She managed a shaky turn a few hundred yards ahead of the Hunhorst's prow. With five hundred feet of air between the Sunderland's wings and the sea, the first pilot began his dive.

George clung tightly to the lines as he drifted down and watched Baby go. He felt sick inside.

The Sunderland plunged in through a solid screen of muck—shrapnel and machine-gun fire. She was beautiful. With the force of the dive behind her, with two motors still turning, Baby was hitting close to two hundred when she smashed into the battleship's superstructure. The nose smashed into the forward spotting tower. And the crushed shell of her hull ripped into the stacks amidships.

The Hunhorst staggered, her top-side a mass of tangled wreckage. With the spotter's tower gone, her forward guns were useless.

The sergeant didn't see much after that, because he hit the water just after Baby rammed to her ruin. When he was able to see again, the German was burning and already the four-inch guns of the leading destroyer were speaking.

Angrily, like a baffled bulldog, the Hunhorst wavered. With her forward guns helpless, flames raging through her superstructure, and a British battleship within ninety minutes distance, there was only one reasonable course. She swung slowly around and headed north.

The shattered wing of the Sunderland was alighted, black against the leaden sky. One of the destroyers was sending out a boat.

"You know what I'll do?" the sergeant said, thinking about the first pilot. "I'll say good-bye to her for you." Then he remembered. "Sir," he added.

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The DARK SQUARE

The story so far:

BEAUTIFUL MARJORIE GILLESPIE undertakes to deliver a letter for **ADRIAN MAWLEY**, English lecturer at **MISS FEATHERSTONHAUGH'S** finishing academy, little suspecting that Adrian is actually a Secret Service agent, as are also the academy's butler, **MILLING**, otherwise Colonel Baskie, the odd-job man, **DICKY HORDER**, and "Feathers" herself.

The letter falls into the hands of **CAPTAIN ERIC VON GERNE**, who kidnaps Marjorie and, with another agent, keeps her prisoner at his mountain farmhouse. She escapes during von Gerne's absence, but overturns the car in which she drives away, Adrian, hot on her trail, eventually finds the car, but Marjorie has vanished from it.

Meanwhile the dead body of **POLLY LINDEE**, a chorus girl enamored of von Gerne, is found on Adrian's doorstep, so that when, still searching for Marjorie, Adrian reaches the village of Troghen, he is arrested for murder and thrown into prison.

Now read on—

WHEN Marjorie Gillespie's car screeched, splintered off the road and buckled between the trees to its final crash in the hollow beyond, it all but killed a gipsy who was crouching there.

The bank under the trees was a great place for rabbits and he had been setting snares. Now he did not know what greater game might have fallen into his hands, and he went forward cautiously to investigate.

He had hardly reached the scene of the accident and begun to investigate when a sound from the road made him lift his head—a second car? At that time of night it was unusual for any car to be using the mountain road—two together constituted no less than an event.

He realised that in all probability they were connected; and that in that fact lay danger for him. He must either give up any hope of making gain out of what had happened, or he must act quickly, and very quickly.

Twice before he had made money out of opportunities similar to the one that had fallen his way now, and he did not hesitate. He was used to the night, and what was not a great deal worse than twilight to him. He could see that there was only one occupant of the car, a girl, and he investigated just sufficiently to find out that she was still alive.

Then he coaxed Marjorie Gillespie's limp body through the open window of the car and, getting it across his shoulders in a sort of fireman's hoist, trudged off sure-footed to a clearing in the woods some distance away, where stood two waggon.

The door of one stood open and the interior was lit by a dull glow from some primitive sort of stove. Sitting before this, her deeply furrowed face partly illuminated by it, partly in shadow, was an old woman.

"What have you got there?" she demanded.

The gipsy came up the three

wooden steps of the weggon, and carefully negotiated the narrow entrance.

"Shut the door," he ordered, "so they can't see us if they start searching, and light the lamp. She's not dead, only injured. Her car skidded off the road."

"She's good-looking," the old woman said. "You'll have trouble in the camp if you keep her in it."

The gipsy laughed.

"I'll attend to the trouble," he assured her, "and anyway I don't intend to keep her longer than necessary."

"You think someone will pay for her?"

"Twice before we have got money for people who got lost and whom we looked after, haven't we?"

The woman nodded; the gipsy had been cunning or fortunate, perhaps a bit of both, in his two previous ventures into brigandage.

"Is she bad?"

The gipsy was investigating. Actually Marjorie had had an amazingly lucky escape. Her only injury had been inflicted by the steering wheel, from which she had received a very nasty blow across the forehead and face. This had knocked her completely unconscious and the result of it was already beginning to show as an ugly bruise.

The gipsy straightened up from his task of examination and drew his finger across his face.

"That's all," he said. "Her senses have gone. She will soon get over that."

He was right, for Marjorie was conscious before long, though she did not realise it. Her dreams and imaginings had been so night-mareish and wild that at first the slightly swinging oil lamp and the strange little world which it illuminated seemed like part of them. But gradually, as she struggled more and more into full consciousness, she began to be overwhelmingly aware of one thing—pain.

That reality warned her that she

was no longer dreaming, and she gave a groan and asked weakly,

"What's happened? Where's the car?"

Immediately somebody moved out of the shadows by her side, a lined and hag-like face was bent over hers and a cup was pressed to her lips.

"Drink this, dearie."

Marjorie let the warm, pungent stuff trickle into her mouth and down her throat, and within a few minutes she was sunk in unconsciousness again.

When she next woke she was better. Then almost at once a very queer thing happened. What was at first hearing almost an incredible thing to Marjorie. From outside the caravan faint but quite unmistakable came the voice of Adrian Mawley.

Marjorie smiled. She had no idea how Adrian had got there, but she was supremely glad to hear him. Now things would be all right.

Adrian spoke a second time and then a third, and he did not seem to be any nearer. Marjorie thought she would look through the window and let him know that she was

"You'll have trouble if you keep her in the camp," said the gipsy woman.

be persuaded to pay money for help in finding them.

Twice during the long day Marjorie was given a brew of herbs to drink, and once a little food. Towards evening she felt much better, and indeed except for a dull persistent headache she could almost have persuaded herself that she was well again.

They had travelled in true Romany fashion, leisurely but steadily, and had covered a matter of twelve miles during the day. By nightfall they reached a spot familiar to all the Romanys, a site in a hollow on the lee side of a wood close by a stream, and here they made camp, picketing the horses and lighting a fire in the open.

They were in wild remote country that the gipsy knew well and he had very little fear of his plans being upset by unwelcome intruders.

It was well past midday when the key was turned on Adrian and he heard that surprising sentence, "...you are under arrest for the murder you committed in Charnock."

"It will be nothing to the murder I'll commit here when I get hold of some of you incompetent monkeys in green," he swore aloud. "I'll get out of here if it kills me."

An excellent resolution—but when he cooled down a little and began to look round the room dispassionately he could not honestly see any very great chance of achieving it.

The room was small, with bare whitewashed walls. There was no movable furniture, the table and the solitary chair being screwed to the floor with iron brackets; there was a window which was protected by formidable iron bars some five inches apart.

It was a discouraging terrain, and after examining it for ten minutes Adrian realised that he knew as much as mortal man could know

about the inside of that unattractive whitewashed room and about the impossibility of breaking out of it.

A series of loud bangs from outside brought him to the window, both in curiosity and in the vague hope that whatever was happening outside might possibly be of some help to him.

At any rate it was a relief to have something to look at, and the central square of Troghen, on to which the front windows of the policeman's house faced, was suddenly humming with activity. The loud bangs came from a fanfare of fireworks, and these heralded the entry into the square of a procession.

Adrian knew his Turbany well enough to have learnt that when the people there set out to enjoy themselves they know how to do it. Any excuse will suffice; one of the innumerable saint's days throughout the calendar, a royal birthday, the anniversary of some far-off forgotten victory, all are equally welcome as the occasion for a fiesta.

This looked like being Troghen's big day. The square was already a seething mass of people, no fewer than three brass bands were blaring out, wagon after wagon was making its patient, ponderous way round the square, each bearing a tableau which was more loudly acclaimed than the last.

It was amusing to watch; and it served for a time at any rate to take Adrian's mind off the subject of his captivity.

Presently, when one of the waggons came to a halt outside the police station a girl on it noticed Adrian's face behind the bars of the lock-up and laughed at him.

Adrian would have been prepared to bet that the girl herself had seen the lock-up from the inside, or at least had come near doing so. She was attractive, no doubt about that, but it was cheap attractiveness.

Please turn to page 10



By LAURENCE MEYNELL

there, but she had hardly started to move before the old hag from the corner was on top of her, pressing a greasy hot hand over her mouth and forcing her back on to her bunk.

Marjorie tried to struggle and very soon realised how desperately weak she still was. She all but fainted and by the time she had recovered the caravan was jolting on its way again and there was no longer any sound of Adrian's friendly and reassuring tones.

The gipsy walking by the side of his horse smiled in great content. Although Adrian's Turbany was the speech of the cities he had understood pretty well all of it. Quite enough anyway for his purpose. The young English gentleman was looking for the young English lady. Good. Young gentleman looking for young ladies could very easily

MURDER TRAP

● A cleverly planned crime, but it had one fatal weakness . . .

HERE'S one cops can't tell nothing about," O'Malley said. "A young guy named Mr. Commings came home from a week-end in the country and found a murdered guy in his apartment. Papers in the dead guy's pockets showed he was named Mercin and him and a guy named Armid had a decorating business. Cops got this Armid and him and Mrs. Mercin identified the dead guy as Mercin all right."

"What does Armid say about it?" I asked.

"Claims it's an extortion killing. Him and Mrs. Mercin say Mercin went out in the evening and didn't come home. Then Armid got a phone call to pay five thousand dollars if he wanted his partner back. Their statement is they paid it. The next thing him and Mrs. Mercin knew, cops called 'em and said Mercin had been knocked off."

"What does Commings say?"

"Says he never seen the dead guy till he opened his apartment door." "What's your opinion of the case?" "Boy! I don't think nobody is right about it."

We looked at the dead man. Even in death he appeared neat, well kept and precise—a man in his late fifties. There were blue marks on his throat which showed he'd been strangled.

"Well," O'Malley observed, "I suppose we got to go to the trouble of talking with them people."

The decorating establishment was just off Park Avenue and was rather pretentious. A handsome young man whose name proved to be Roberts was disappointed when he found we weren't customers. Armid was in an inner office. He was in his middle forties, dapper, carefully groomed, somewhat supercilious. A quite beautiful young woman who was with him turned out to be Mrs. Mercin.

"What's this extortion story?" O'Malley asked them.

"Why," Armid replied, "Saturday morning I got a phone call here in the office. It was a man's voice."

"You recognise the guy's voice?"

"I didn't. Just before that, Mrs. Mercin had called up and said Mercin hadn't come home and she was much troubled. The voice said they had Mercin and, if we wanted him back, to go to the bank and get five thousand dollars. I phoned Mrs. Mercin and she came down here and we talked it over and I went to the bank and got the money."

"We usually close on Saturday afternoons, but I waited here because the voice had said to expect a second phone call. It didn't come until early Sunday morning. The same voice asked if I had the money. It said wrap the money in newspaper and go in my car at exactly half-past four in the morning and drop the package in a certain refuse basket on Tenth Avenue and keep on driving and not look back. I did that. Then we waited, but we didn't hear anything until Sunday evening

when the police told us Mercin was dead."

"What refuse basket?"

He told us.

"Where was your husband going when he went out that Friday evening?" O'Malley asked Mrs. Mercin.

"I don't know. It was between nine and ten o'clock. I had a headache and had gone to bed. I heard him go out and I assumed he was just going to the corner."

"Yeah? What happened before that?"

"Nothing unusual. I'd picked him up here at the store a little after six. We had dinner at home."

"He didn't receive no message or send one to somebody after you met him?"

"No; the telephone wasn't used except just before dinner when I phoned the garage to send someone to come and get the car."

"You don't know of no message Mercin got neither?" O'Malley inquired of Armid.

"I don't."

"Rather peculiar, O'Malley," I remarked, when we had left them. "The manner Armid claims to have paid the ransom by dropping it in a refuse basket."

"Why, it's been done that way. A guy would be watching."

We went and saw Commings. They had him locked up. He was a sleek-seeming man in his early thirties. We didn't learn anything more than the police had got already. Commings had spent the week-end on Long Island. He came home Sunday evening. Having a couple of bags with him, he stopped at the garage where he kept his car and picked up a man to take the car back for him. "Joe Biggers," Unlocking his apartment, Commings discovered the dead man. Then he phoned the police.

"How come you was away over the week-end?" O'Malley asked him.

"I'm always away over the week-ends."

"Yeah? So when you're away who do you leave have your key?"

"Nobody ever has my key!"

We talked with Joe Biggers. He was at the garage—a young man, blond, and rather gigantic. He couldn't tell anything. He'd driven away with the car before Commings went in.

We saw the apartment. A cop was on post there.

Commings had a front apartment on the first floor, the first door past the entrance. Mercin had been killed in his small living-room. I saw no sign of struggle. There was a child's toy there—a small, woolly bear, and O'Malley examined it. "What's the bear?" he asked the cop.

"It was here when I come."

"This look like an extortion killing to you?" O'Malley inquired of me.

"It doesn't look like anything else," I replied, "and in my opinion the police are wise in holding on to Commings."

"Yeah? If he was in on it, why did he call the cops?"

"A criminal," I said, "always thinks

he's smarter than anybody else, and Commings may have thought that by calling the police he would establish his innocence."

"You're nuts!"

I met O'Malley next evening.

"How goes it?" I asked him.

"You was right about one thing; this Commings is broke. We found out about Mercin, too. He was a philanthropic kind of guy. He made plenty of money, and he give parties for poor children. Sometimes he'd get his pockets all full of dimes and walk through poor neighborhoods and give every kid a dime."

"Well, Armid ain't that way. He don't let loose of no money. He got that five thousand from the bank all right. Mrs. Mercin worked

in that decorating place; then she got married to Mercin. It ain't true what Commings said—that nobody but him had a key to his place. Since the guy has been broke a maid comes in twice a week and cleans up his apartment. The days when she does that he leaves a key with the janitor."

"Anything else?" I asked.

"A few things. The medical office says Mercin got knocked off that same Friday night when he disappeared. It seems he hadn't never learned to drive a car. His wife done the driving. It turns out him and Commings kept their cars at that same big garage."

I was excited. "There's your contact," I told him. "Commings could have learned all about Mercin at the garage. There can't be a doubt of it."

"Well, I doubt it!" I couldn't find O'Malley for more than three days. Then he contacted him coming out of headquarters.

"You're on time," he announced to me.

He had a police car and we drove to the East Side. A plainclothes cop was on a street corner, but we didn't speak to him. We passed a tall building.

"Mercin's place is in there," O'Malley informed me.

A block and a half beyond we came to a drugstore. Two plainclothes men in the drugstore were buying a woolly bear like the one I'd seen at Commings' apartment. "How is it?" O'Malley asked them. "Looks to be going all right."

We drove to the West Side, parked the car and walked a block and around a corner. Three flights of narrow stairs led us past rooms over a store. O'Malley unlocked one of

"What's this extortion story?" O'Malley asked.

the rooms, but I couldn't tell much about it except it was a cheap room, and a man lived there, and even the furniture had been pulled all to pieces. It became night and people went up and down the stairs. We waited six hours. Then a knock at the door and O'Malley opened it. Mrs. Mercin stood on the threshold. When she saw us, her face became chalk and her eyes stared and grew blank.

"Well, O'Malley," I said, when we had her in the police car.

"Wait a while," he advised me.

I waited. At the precinct house they took her into the detectives' room and I went along with them. The place was full of cops. I saw on a table a lot of loose keys, and money which I thought might be five thousand dollars, and a little black book, and two woolly bears. Then the inspector in charge had me put out of there. So I waited again.

"Certainly, O'Malley," I said, when he finally came out to me. "Mrs. Mercin didn't kill her husband."

"Biggers killed him," he said.

"In conspiracy with Commings?"

"Don't you never give up an idea? Commings had nothing to do with it."

Mrs. Mercin worked at that decorating place and she got married to Mercin. She wouldn't have married him except for his money. When she quit working, that guy Roberts came and took her job in the decorating business, and Mrs. Mercin fell in love with him. They had been seeing each other right along without Mercin or Armid ever suspecting.

"Mercin give away a lot of money, but he always lived simply and he didn't see no reason his wife should spend more money than he did. Mrs. Mercin is the kind of woman that wants what she wants but ain't willing to give up nothing she's got. She wanted Mercin's money and his share of the business, and if Mercin divorced her, she wouldn't get those and she wanted to get married to Roberts. So, after a while, the idea come to her to knock off her husband."

Please turn to page 20

GERMY GOES AT THE KNEES

BOY OH BOY! A DIRTY KNEE! JUST WHAT I LIKE!



HASNT A SKINNED KNEE NOW HE SOON WILL HAVE, THEN I'LL CAUSE SOME TROUBLE.



TOMMY DEAR, WASH THOSE KNEES WITH GUARDIAN HEALTH SOAP. THERE MAY BE GERMS IN THAT DIRT.



HELP! THIS MEDICATED LATHER HAS TRAPPED ME!



Dirty footpaths—dusty playgrounds—germs crowding on to grubby little hands and knees. If there's a scratch anywhere—look out! To keep kiddies safe from infection, wash those hands and knees often with Guardian Health Soap. The lather is medicated, and germs, as well as dirt, are swept away! Such a good-sized tablet, too—and long-lasting.



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HERE IS an engaging little frock designed for your rustic moments. The childish pinafore is made from an old evening gown of red silk linen highlighted with colorful cotton braid, and is worn with a crisp white blouse and a youthful white straw hat.

● Even though you're living on a shoe-string, you can renovate your old togs and greet spring looking as pretty as a picture.

By PEG MCCARTNEY

GONE are the days when we used to steer clear of clothes because they were practical. To-day the dread has been taken from the word "sensible," and utility togs are pretty sure of instant approval.

Old fashion files show us that the popular styles of the last war were incredibly dull and drab. A rather shapeless navy-blue suit with a black hat was the all-purpose outfit of those days.

How different to-day when every woman is demanding bright colors to counteract the sameness of the style that is threatening our present fashions.

Though practically everything we wear is pretty strictly rationed there are no restrictions on color, and this spring promises to be a season of cheerful and vivid new shades.

The British Color Council feels that morale is definitely helped by seeing women in civilian occupations and those on leave from the Forces in styles and colors as far removed from the khaki and blues of the services as possible.

"Romantic London" is the theme of the new colorings which include Thames-blue, a little deeper than royal-blue, with a touch of grey in it; Mayfair-lilac, a mauvy petunia; and Abbey-wine, a spectacular crimson that is particularly effective for accessories.

The colors are not only attractive and becoming—they are planned for practical use. There are scarcely any pastel shades as they get dirty so quickly, and there are no drab tones like grey or fawn, as they, too, nearly resemble uniforms.

Important accents

"FROCKS and suits should be vivid, accessories rather neutral and very plain," say the experts. "Try a Lombard-gold (it used to be called pumpkin-yellow) frock with Thames-blue hat, belt, and hand-bag."

Another ingenious way to look like careless millions and not spend a single coupon is to experiment with some fetching home-made trimmings. Collars and cuffs cost coupons, but not if you make them yourself with lace, and garnish your hat with a lace frill to match.

As yet ribbon has not been rationed, so it is much in demand for home-made trims. Plain skirts are given a touch of gaiety and chic by the addition of large scroll designs in half-inch frilled ribbon. Necklines are brightened by sprays and circlets of ribbon flowers, in the intricate ribbon work that used to be so fashionable for cushions. Pockets are edged with ribbon and so are the cuffless long sleeves which the regulations demand.



★
TAKE ONE black straw sailor (doesn't matter if it's years old), garnish with a couple of frothy ruffles made from the skirt of an organdie evening gown, and, presto, you have a summer model that is worth its weight in flattery to any woman. The ruffles overlap the brim of the hat to provide welcome shade on sunny days.



GIVE new life to a dull white flannel skirt by adding vivid green jersey insets and a surplice blouse in green jersey striped in white.

A length of fine, crisp, brightly-colored veiling has endless possibilities. The new rather small straw "boaters" are trimmed entirely with veiling, though none of it falls over the face. It is swathed round the crown and tied in a fly-away bow at the back or set snood-wise over the crown and brim, and tied in a flat rosette bow in the centre front.

Now that collars are couponed, a large square of veiling doubled corner to corner and tied with a reef knot in front makes an effective unrationed substitute. With plain round necks, a twist of veiling round the throat and a large bow under one ear give an elegant and softening finish to the ensemble.

Sashes of veiling are popular for semi-evening frocks. They are tied in large flat bows or knotted with long ends hanging to the bottom of the skirt. They are usually matched up with a twist of veiling round the hair.

A veiling rosette or pompon is used effectively instead of a flower spray to brighten the lapel of a tailored suit. Sometimes for this the veiling is either sequined or beaded.

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Let us be gay in the oddest BITS AND PIECES

• Another charming way of making a frock from two remnants. The material is cut in broad bands and joined together and then whipped up into a very simple but very attractive shirtwaist style.

• Yellow top of this dress looks like a jumper, but is really joined on to the skirt to save material. The skirt and garnishings are made from an old print dress that you are tired of. For added enchantment try a matching halo hat.

• Three odd pieces of material make a colorful and immensely flattering little frock to make you look as pretty as a picture when you're marketing. Asparagus-green shirt, green-and-white striped skirt, and purple jerkin are all done in crisp washables.

• If you are bored with your trim gingham housefrock ring in a fetching change by adding a broad front panel and revers in sunshiny yellow cotton and margin with red rick-rack braid.



Roma

WOMEN OF STALINGRAD: *Glory of their valor rings round the world*



RUSSIAN WOMEN building anti-tank barriers to slow down the Nazi advance on their city. Women of Stalingrad have shown no task is too heavy or too hazardous for them.

Housewives, mothers, factory workers go into battle with their men

By GODFREY BLUNDEN
Our special representative in Moscow

The whole world salutes the women of Stalingrad who to-day stand side by side with their men in the grimmest ordeal in the history of war. Even here in Russia where all the women are heroic we are awed by stories of their valor that come to Moscow from that southern city.

Unflinchingly they have entered the actual battle against the Fascist invaders. Refusing to leave the city, housewives, mothers, factory workers have taken up arms among the ruins of their homes and their places of work.

THE decision of the Red Army Command not to withdraw from the great industrial city, but to turn it into a battlefield, was made in the full knowledge that many women and children who hadn't been evacuated would be exposed to extreme danger.

This decision was made without the slightest hesitation, because both the men and the women of Stalingrad are unanimous in their determination to resist the enemy at any cost.

So the women remained to help their men erect barricades across streets, mix cement for machine-gun emplacements, fill sandbags, dig trenches and tunnels.

Thousands of young women who hadn't already been called up because they were in essential munitions jobs clamored for rifles and Tommy guns, and many women workers went into battle with the men.

There was no time to find uniforms for them. They went in factory overalls with cartridge belts slung round their shoulders.

With the men workers they helped hold the Fascists when these enemies broke through into the outskirts of the city.

Many of these women were killed. After the Fascists reached the city streets, they were met by a torrent of fire from machine-gun and anti-tank gun nests.

Fuel-tanks were attacked with hand-grenades thrown from the rooftops. In these street battles, women played an important part.

Many women stood beside their husbands and fed cartridge belts into machine-guns or thrust armor-piercing shells into the breeches of anti-tank guns.

Women prepared food in dugouts and brought it to their men.

In the deep dugout which sheltered headquarters, women worked in a thick heavy atmosphere, sending messages by radio and telegraph machines, marking maps, copying orders. These were regular Red Army women.

There are many Red Army women sentries, and almost the entire medical aid is conducted by women.

Hundreds of young Stalingrad women employed in factories and offices became first-aid attendants, ministering to soldiers wounded on the battlefield and those injured in bombing.

The Germans, realising the Russians were determined to hold their city to the last, began a campaign of intense bombing at the beginning of each offensive.

Dive-bombers rained high-explosive demolition bombs and incendiaries all over the city. Even after they had dropped their loads, Stuka pilots continued diving over the city with terror sirens screaming in order to strike fear into the hearts of the populace.

While these raids were on and the wooden houses, of which the city is mostly built, were burning, women and children sheltered in cellars and trenches and in tunnels dug in the sides of the gullies which run down into the Volga.

The ground literally quaked under the constant shattering of explosions of bombs, but Stalingrad women carried on, bringing food and ammunition for their men and soothing their children.

City of ruins

NOT only did German bombers attack the city, but they also attacked the boats leaving the city with refugees and some terrible scenes were witnessed when these boats took fire in midstream. Stalingrad to-day is a city of ruins.

Few of the little log cabin homes which dotted the foreshores of the Volga are standing.

Most of the huge brick and stone buildings have been damaged by shellfire or bombs, but among those ruins Stalingrad men and women still fight the incoming Fascists.

At night, ammunition is brought across the Volga under cover of smoke-screens, and the wounded are taken off in ferries.

So the fight goes on. Stalingrad is a city as big as Brisbane and the Fascists aren't going to take it easily.

In the master strategy of this war Stalingrad is too important to yield to the enemy.

It will be defended to the last man and the last woman.



RUSSIAN MEDICAL NURSE, Marya Koshkina, who in one day carried fifteen wounded men from the battlefield under artillery fire.

England's munitioneer heroines

Calmly work 10-hour day among dangerous explosives

From ANNE MATHESON, of our London staff

Living through more dangerous hours than many men in the fighting forces, working with deadly explosives, calmly and with the utmost speed and dexterity, 6000 girls engaged in shell-filling in an up-to-date factory outside London are the real heroines of Britain's munitions front.

THEIR appearance is as glamorous as their work is courageous. For handling TNT and other explosives they are dressed and groomed for the part.

They have special make-up, specially designed shoes, special manicures, special soap. Their diet is specially balanced, and they have special medical attention.

Cream slacks of fireproof flannel with matching jacket is the uniform of the munitioneer handling high explosives.

She tucks a vivid red cravat in at the high neckline to protect her skin from dermatitis, ties a red "mammy" scarf over her curls, laces up flat-heeled rubber-soled shoes of white leather, is creamed, rouged and powdered by the factory make-up man.

It was hard to believe these were munition makers. They looked like smart housewives in expensive kitchens.

The girls are recruited from every walk of life. Some are from the mills, others from depressed areas, many are the daughters of wealthy millowners, more are former shop-girls and typists.

Here in the red-and-white magazine-cover atmosphere they are making the six-pound shell for Libya, cooking the 4000lb. bomb that giant four-engined planes take as freight on their nightly trips over the Ruhr, or the cannon-fire for the fighter-

planes that sweep over enemy-occupied territory.

For ten hours a day the girls move quietly and with great certainty within steel-panellied blast-proof glassed cubicles.

Each girl works silently and alone. Her special manicure ensures that no long or ragged finger-nail catches a detonator cap, her special make-up counteracts the effects of explosive powder she mixes and packs.

Strict routine

THESE girls work in three shifts, all taking turns on the night one.

On arrival their first visit is to the contraband hut, and here cigarettes, matches, or articles recognized as "contraband" are seized.

The munitioneer then goes to the dressing-room. This is rather like surf sheds with slatted floors, lockers, and benches. The dressing-rooms are distinctly divided by a low railing into two parts, "clean" and "dirty."

The girls come in "dirty," that is, in street clothes.

When they are completely changed they go to the make-up room and use the protective creams and powders supplied.

After work the "clean" side is used by very dirty factory girls, though sometimes the "dirty" doesn't



BETTY ATKINSON, 23-year-old English munitions worker, whose husband is in the army.

show, and that is why special soap has to be used giving an orange or brightly-colored lather, according to what chemicals have been used.

Not till the lather is colorless can the shell-filler be sure she has washed the deadly powder from her skin, though it is little different in appearance from ordinary make-up.

None of the girls was nervous, though a slip of the hand may cause an explosion.

Dorothy Parsons, who acted as escort on the inspection, said they are all scared at first. That is why a week in the class-rooms of the TNT factory is the raw recruit's introduction.

Here she works with colored harmless powder while the necessity for extreme caution is instilled into her.

The average wage of the munitions maker is three guineas a week. Accommodation is a problem. Travelling, particularly in the winter or for night work, is a real hardship, but the 6000 girls are punctual and frivolous absenteeism is a mere one per cent—and that is among new girls.

Continuing . . . The Dark Square

from page 5

THE girl waved to Adrian and he waved back, then she pulled a rose out of her hair and threw it towards him. It hit the window-pane and fell on to the stone wall, and Adrian made a panfoume of being suitably touched. The girl nudged one of her companions to let her share the amusing spectacle of a man who was fool enough to be in the lock-up on the day of the great festa, and both of them roared with laughter.

"Little minx," Adrian thought, but he could not help liking her pert face for all that.

Twice again he saw her as the procession wound its way round and round the square, and each time she smiled and waved.

After an hour and more he got tired of watching the procession and went to the window only intermittently. It was now long past lunch time, and he was beginning to feel hungry, but there was no sign that anybody had made allowance for the fact.

Three or four times while he was looking out of the window he had heard a telephone bell ring somewhere, and shortly after the latest of these occasions the panel clicked back once more and the policeman spoke to him through the grille.

"I have got orders about you, Herr Mawley," he announced triumphantly. "You are to be taken back to Charnock by car this afternoon under escort."

Adrian was used enough to leisurely Turbanian methods not to be surprised that it was a full hour before anything else happened.

Then the key was turned, the door was pushed cautiously open, and there entered not the policeman but a villainous-looking Turbanian soldier armed with a rifle and a long and savage-looking bayonet, who took up his position just inside the room. When he was safely installed the door opened again and the policeman entered.

Adrian could not help being amazed at these precautions. Evidently the Troghen policeman thought he had exhibited quite

enough courage that morning in his single-handed apprehension of a dangerous murderer, and in an admirable Turbanian fashion he intended to let somebody else run the risks now.

With three people in it the small room was now almost crowded, and Adrian thought that he ought to be able to wring some advantage from the fact. But although these thoughts were running through his head he gave no sign of animation, but simply sat there looking huddled up and dejected.

"I have orders to search you for arms, Herr Mawley," the policeman said. "Stand up, please."

The only weapon Adrian had about him was his black rubber life-preserver in a side pocket, and he determined now to make this serve his purpose. He gave no sign of having heard what the policeman said, and that official stared at him a little doubtfully.

The soldier was dividing his attention between the festa out in the square and what was happening in the room, the policeman, after his first moment of hesitation, was moving forward. Adrian still sat there, the half-second's seeming as long as minutes; then, when the policeman was almost standing over him, he acted.

His right hand flickered to his side pocket and flung the black life-preserver away into the corner of the room, and at the same time he jumped bolt upright from his seat and brought his left fist up under the policeman's chin with a vicious jab.

Quite a lot of things happened at once then. The policeman staggered back, and the soldier did precisely what Adrian hoped he would do. Convinced that what had been thrown into the corner of the room must be some sort of weapon, probably a knife or a revolver, he grinned with the anticipation of the born looter, and without a second's hesitation bent down to retrieve it.

Adrian was separated from the

man by about two yards, and he covered the distance with one single jump, landing with both feet together smack in the middle of his ribs. Every puff of wind was knocked out of the wretched soldier and his rifle clattered to the stone floor. Adrian got his hands on it like a flash, whisked it in a savage half-circle and brought the heavy butt of it down on the policeman's head.

Next moment he was out in the street and, snatching up a mask that had been dropped on the pavement, he clapped it onto his own face and plunged in among a mob of cheering young people.

The crowd was dense, and when he had worked his way towards the middle of it he thought it would be perfectly safe to stay there for some minutes at any rate and keep an eye on developments at the police station.

Indeed, it was not easy now to do anything else, for the cheering, laughing crowd was packed so tight that he had to surrender himself to its movement and go where it went.

In this way, laughing and shouting as loud as anybody, being pelted with flowers by girls on the various wagons and pelting them back again, he moved slowly round the square, half of his own volition, half carried by the crowd.

When he was half-way round, and so opposite the police station, but on the far side of the square, he saw an official car forcing its way to the station doorway. It was driven by a soldier and carried a second soldier as a passenger. When it halted this second one jumped out and ran up the station steps.

"This is where the band begins to play," Adrian told himself. "I think I'll give Troghen a miss for a bit."

By strenuous efforts he edged his way to the fringe of the crowd and, unnoticed by anybody in that noisy, happy throng, slipped away from it all down a narrow side street. He had no idea where he was heading, nor for the moment did he care; all he wanted to do was to get safely away from Troghen and find some means of reaching Charnock.

Before long he was out of the town in the wild hill country that surrounded it, and he was beginning to realise that he must halt and make a definite plan when he saw a ramshackle lorry come rumbling along the road.

He halted it by the simple method of dancing up and down in the centre of the roadway until it was forced either to run over him or to stop.

The driver, an unpleasant, unshaven individual, scowled unamiably.

Adrian took one look at him and decided what time to adopt.

He now pulled his note case out of his pocket and extracted a clean, crisp fifty milrep note. It was a large tip in any circumstances, and it made the villainous-looking driver's eyes open and did something to soften his scowl.

"Where are you bound for?" Adrian asked him.

The driver answered with three words reluctantly spoken, apparently, but magical.

"South to Charnock."

Adrian smiled. Things looked like simplifying themselves a great deal. To the first fifty milrep note he added another.

"I, too, want to get to Charnock," he said, "and I want to get there quickly. One of these notes is yours now," he pushed it through the window of the cab, "and I'll give you the other when we reach the capital."

A grimy hand swallowed up the piece of paper and something approaching a grin came over the unshaven face. "You can jump in," he said. "It's against the regulations, but we'll chance that."

"Regulations, my friend, are made to be broken, didn't you know that?" Adrian queried, as he swung up joyfully into his seat beside the driver, and the lorry rattled on its way again.

Adrian sat back and, as far as the discomfort of his seat allowed him, relaxed. Things had certainly looked ugly in the Troghen lock-up, but now that he was on his way back to Baikie he felt happier. Once in Charnock whatever fantastic misunderstandings had occurred about this business of a murder could surely be cleared up, and Baikie was always Baikie.

They had been going for some twenty minutes when they slowed

up to take a sharp bend, and were immediately confronted with something going on ahead of them.

Like those of any hunted man's Adrian's senses were super-sharp and it took him precious little time to realise what was happening. There was a rough and ready barricade blocking half the road, and a private car had been stopped at it by two soldiers who were questioning the occupants.

Adrian didn't like the look of it at all. It was evident that the soldiers he had seen going into the police station at Troghen had acted promptly, and the hunt was up.

By now the driver of the lorry had seen what was taking place and was evidently suspicious.

"This anything to do with you?" he asked.

"Haven't the vaguest idea what you are talking about," Adrian replied, but even as he was saying the words his right hand was busy with the catch of the near side door.

The driver started some surly sentence about, "Don't get me into trouble, that's all—" but Adrian never heard more than the beginning of it. He knew that he could wait no longer. His hand tightened on the catch as he swung the door wide open and jumped for it, hoping for the best.

The best, as it turned out, was only second best, and, indeed, hardly that. He landed awkwardly, knocking a good deal of the wind out of himself, and when he staggered up and started to run his right foot hurt badly.

He heard a shout from the unpleasant driver of the lorry, then there were more shouts, presumably from the soldiers, and then after a pause the crack of a rifle.

He heard the bullet whizz by him, uncomfortably close, and he set his teeth and forgot about the pain in his foot and ran hard. Fortunately the road was bordered by a wood, and as soon as Adrian reached the trees he was lost to sight. He realised this, but kept going, and in spite of the pain in his foot he kept going fast. What he had seen of the soldier in the Troghen lock-up was enough to convince him that the method of procedure would be a bullet in the small of his back first, and questions afterwards.

In spite of the promptness of that first shot both the soldiers had subsequently foolishly lost time in questioning the lorry driver, so that Adrian had gained a useful start. His pursuers, too, were handicapped by the long unhandy Turbanian rifles which they had to carry, and actually Adrian was increasing his lead right from the beginning. He hoped this was so, but he took no chances and forced himself to make the best time he could.

THE wood was a large one, more than a mile in width, and when finally he emerged on the far side the country in front of him was still heavily treed with plenty of possible cover. Now that the urgency of the first flight had passed he began to be acutely aware of the pain in his foot. He also felt desperately empty inside, and it occurred to him that he had had nothing to eat since coffee and rolls for breakfast, and it was now well past middle afternoon.

He limped along resolutely, however, hoping that luck might lead him to some friendly habitation.

In half an hour's time he gained the edge of a wood.

Three times, at intervals, he heard the shouts of men who were evidently searching the wood for something. He did not doubt that that something was himself, and he sought cover anxiously each time.

When he finally got clear of the wood rain was still falling, and he was completely lost. He felt miserable and faint with hunger, and altogether he was a very different person from the man who had stepped out energetically from Troghen not so many hours ago in the morning sunshine with a good breakfast inside him.

He did not see the remotest chance of getting to Charnock that evening, for he had no doubt that by now what few roads there were and the solitary railway line would be well watched. He kept moving slowly in spite of the pain of doing so, because movement meant at least a little warmth and it served to give him the illusion of getting somewhere.

He kept up this melancholy progress, if progress it could be called, for two hours before he came across any sign of habitation, and then in

MOPSY—The Cheery Redhead



"I haven't got a photograph of myself, but I posed for this stocking advertisement. Will that do?"

a hollow by a brook he saw the lighted window of a cottage. It was little better than a countryman's hovel really, but at that time and in those circumstances it looked as good as a palace to Adrian.

He realised that there must be some risk in making his presence known to anybody, but hunted men have to take risks, and in his present condition it was urgent that he should have food and shelter for the night. He knocked on the door, and after he had knocked again it was opened to him by a figure whose appearance gave him heart from the beginning. It was an old man who held the door open and peered out at him, an old man with a patriarchal beard, and above it the dignified face of the true peasant.

Adrian felt instinctively that there was no danger here for him, and he launched out into a not very coherent story about having hurt his foot and being lost.

"Where are you making for?" the old man asked.

"Mountain farm," Adrian answered glibly, because they were the first words that came into his head, and because he felt that to give some definite goal and one not nearby was safer than to be vague, but he hurried on with a further jumble of explanations.

The old man listened in kindly patience, and then pushing the door open wider said:

"If you are lost and want shelter you are welcome to come in."

In his first anxiety Adrian had reinforced his plea by displaying a handful of notes to show that he was able and willing to pay, and the old man, peasant though he was, took no notice of these and Adrian feared that the action might have been a mistake.

His host bade him sit by the fire and dry himself and presently produced a bowl of hot goat's milk and a loaf of dark country bread.

Adrian made a ravenous meal of these and had by now sufficiently gathered his wits to put out a more circumstantial yarn, explaining his appearance. He was careful to avoid overmuch detail, but the gist of it was that he had been on a week-day holiday from the capital exploring that part of the country on foot and had got lost in attempting to leave the roads and strike across the hills.

His bruised foot he put down to a scramble down a steep hillside. Altogether the story hung together fairly well and the old peasant seemed perfectly satisfied.

"If you could let me sleep here for the night," Adrian concluded, "in a corner of the room, anywhere, I would be very grateful."

His host reflected silently for some time. Adrian began to fear a refusal and his spirits stopped soaring. Presently, however, the old peasant led him to a sort of cubby hole under the stairs where there were some sacks and a pile of miscellaneous rubbish.

"If you could make yourself comfortable here—" he suggested doubtfully.

Adrian smiled, his spirits soaring again higher than ever. He was dog tired. What he wanted was a long night's sleep and after that he was prepared to face anew all his problems and any fresh complications that might arise. The heap of course sacking looked a good deal more attractive to him than a luxury suite.

He thanked the old peasant profusely and ten minutes after settling himself down he was fast asleep.

To be continued

"THE KING'S MEN"

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again

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Monday
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ARE
THE
JURY!

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This brilliant series of courtroom dramas, written and presented by Ellis Price, is just one reason why you should listen on Saturday nights to

SATURDAY

2GB

8.30 to 9 p.m.

COMMUNITY CHEST METHOD OF RAISING FUNDS

Noted social worker recommends this charity finance system for Australia

Every day of the week you are being asked to buy a button for this, a ticket for that, or to give a donation to one or another deserving cause. Your spirit is usually willing, but your pocket may be weak.

Miss Margaret MacIntosh, M.A., trained social worker, who has been on loan from Canada to the Sydney Y.W.C.A. for the past two years, here discusses the Australian way of raising funds. She outlines a different one—the Community Chest method by which Canada and the United States gather in the vast sums needed for their peace and war charities.

By MARGARET MACINTOSH, M.A.

Publicity Secretary to Y.W.C.A., Sydney, for past two years

THE first thing that happened to me when I landed in Australia from Canada was to attend a fete to raise funds for a well-known organisation.

And what a performance it seemed to me, with the formal opening and the numerous stalls of goods for sale.

I thought if this is the way to proceed to raise funds for social service, I might as well hit for home, pronto!

Having been accustomed to the Community Chest method of raising funds in Canada and in the United States, the method of raising funds in Australia seemed just too fantastic.

After a bit, however, I got accustomed to buying buttons, purchasing stamps, attending social "do's," taking tickets.

Emptying out my desk the other day I had a haul of buttons that, if mounted on my chest, would make Goring look like a corporal. Also I've been in the raising money game myself.

In fact, when people ask me how I like Australia, I have visions of endless committees which I attended, when I was either exhorting the crowd to help sponsor this appeal, or was being roped into doing the same for other people.

I could write a book on committees—ladies' committees—where the same faces appear every time, and the same gentlemen are the guardians of the cash.

In the last two years some of these people, the ones you need to make a "go" of any campaign, are beginning to get a light in their eye; they feel the bush calling, where there are no other ladies who have to be organised into groups to raise funds.

They are beginning to mutter about Community Chests, the difficulty of raising funds, the fact that they practically haven't a friend in the world left.

The president and the secretary of every club in the city are beginning to feel that they have "shot their bolt," and that if their club is asked to take on any more money-raising projects there just won't be any members left.

Fewer cheques

ADDED to these worries of the campaigners is the fact that the War Loans and the Austerity Campaign, not to mention taxation, have reduced the giving power of generous people.

Business men around town who could be counted upon to produce a cheque for £1000 for a worthwhile project send you £50, and you are lucky at that.

People who previously could give large sums send you along a guinea.

But the need for funds is even greater than earlier in the war. The dislocation of community life puts a greater burden on social service agencies, and the call for funds for war services and comforts is increasing every day.

What are you going to do about it?

Well, the obvious answer is the Community Chest, into which every individual makes a straight cash contribution once or at the most twice in the year.

Yes, I can hear you. "But Australians will not give outright. They must have a contest: they must have something for what they give," and so on.

Yes, I've heard that about a thousand times, and it is one of the worst indictments that a people ever made about themselves.

When I first heard this well-known "moan," I used to think: "Well, they certainly are the darndest bunch of people! If they can't give five bob to buy comforts for the soldiers without getting something for it, they don't deserve to have any soldiers."

After a bit I realised that they were much more generous than their words suggested, but that the absence of any system for collecting funds was the cause of this idea that money had to be raised by appealing to the competitive spirit.

And this brings up another point. You hear people talking about raising funds for "charity."

Charity in many minds still represents something vague like collecting funds and handing them down, in the manner of Louis XIV.

Charity should be "concern for others" and not some floating into a social "do," to pay 10/- for a meal, the proceeds from which go to war funds or social agencies.

All responsible

IT'S not supposed to make you feel noble, but to make you feel responsible for other people.

This may be your husband in the army, the family down the street in financial straits, the children in the slum areas (of which there should be none in this country), and so on.

In other words, it's supposed to be a sense of community, such as the Russians are showing, and it requires organisation like everything else.

Australians are proud of their individualistic attitude to life, and this is good if it is not carried to extremes.

But it must be obvious that a concentration on the idea of the

Save time and money

ALL social and war services in Australia are being faced with the problem of procuring funds for their work, says Miss M. MacIntosh, writer of this article.

The section of the community from which this money must be obtained needs to be greatly widened.

The millions of small contributions will be the ones that will carry forward the necessary work; the day of large ones, by a smaller group, is over.

The introduction of the Community Chest is the only fair, systematic, ordered time-and-money-saving method of seeing that "austerity" is introduced into charity and a real "sense of community" is developed in Australia.

community is what is needed now, in every department of life. It is an immediate need in the field of raising funds for war services and social services throughout Australia.

The day of large contributions is over; the numbers of people being called into work reduce the numbers able to raise funds.

What is required is an economical and systematic method of collecting the necessary funds for these services, and eliminating all means of raising funds other than by direct giving by everyone in the community.

This is the method used most successfully in the United States and in Canada—the direct giving by every member of the community, once or twice in the year, through the Community Chest.

This type of organisation could be set up in any Australian capital in six months, with a competent business organiser and a trained social service worker as the key people in charge of the whole scheme.

In America the Community Chests are based on welfare organisations, which are federated to form Financial Federations for Social Services. Annually in the United States about 350 cities raise 90,000,000 dollars for health, character building, and welfare agencies which spend 225,000,000 dollars a year.

Over 500,000 volunteers participate in these campaigns, which last a week, and over 9,000,000 citizens contribute to them.

The requisite money calculated after careful budgeting by the social agencies in the city is collected by a zoning system, when volunteers



MISS MARGARET MACINTOSH, who has been publicity secretary for the past two years to the Sydney Y.W.C.A., was on loan from Canada as assistant to Miss Lyra Taylor, general secretary, who had previously worked with her in Montreal.

go. Cut into the city and collect straight cash donations from citizens.

Every house, apartment, store, factory, and office is canvassed. The bellboy puts in his 25 cents, and everyone contributes in some way.

The appeal is focused into one week, and being the one and only appeal of the year everyone contributes without much pressure from the volunteer collectors. It is all over in a week, and no other appeal for funds is allowed.

This method of collection, as you will see, has a great number of advantages. The labor and time it saves in comparison with thousands of individual efforts is obvious.

Waste of funds for publicity and for employment of workers is removed.

Executive staffs of social agencies

are freed from the worry of procuring finance and are able to devote their full time to the work at hand.

It also means that the whole community is contributing to the welfare and war services. No longer are a few expected to produce the major part of the funds.

The network of the "zoning system" for collection, which has been so successful for welfare agencies, has also been extended to the collection of war funds. This has required a second appeal in the year.

Budgeting has to be careful and every penny is accounted for.

Thus funds are spent wisely, for private contributions cannot be accepted.

If grants are made to a social agency within the Financial Federation, they go to the central financial federation and not to a particular social agency.

Flew to New Zealand to see her sailor son

Nearly seventy years old, Mrs. H. L. Hewison, who had never flown before, has returned from a flight from New Zealand to see her son, who is an engineer in the Merchant Navy.

SINCE his mother last saw him, in September, 1940, Herbert Hewison has been a prisoner aboard a German raider, and spent three months in a prison camp in Italian Somaliland.

For more than six months his mother had received no news of him except that the ship in which he sailed from Sydney had been lost.

First news of the fact that he had been a prisoner came from Herbert himself in a cable from Mombasa.

So Mrs. Hewison settled down to wait, in her home at Hunter's Hill (N.S.W.), in the hope that when Herbert went to sea again his voyaging would bring him once more to Australia.

Another year went by, and Mrs. Hewison found that the nearest her son was likely to get to Australia was New Zealand.

"Herbert, aged 25, is our baby," she said, "and I thought if I missed this chance it may be years before I saw him again."

"So I determined to fly to New Zealand, although I had never thought to set foot in an aeroplane."

There were some formidable obstacles in the way of wartime travel, but the circumstances softened the heart of officialdom.

"I was a bit nervous beforehand," said Mrs. Hewison, "though I was really more afraid of finding my way about in Auckland if Herbert were not there to meet me."

"I don't know anyone in New Zealand, and I was so busy worrying about how I would manage when I got there that I wasn't nervous flying."

"But as soon as we got through the Customs in Auckland there was my son waiting."

"When I landed in Auckland Herbert's ship had steam up. It was to sail that night!"

But the fact that Mrs. Hewison had flown 1300 miles to see her son enabled her to get a permit to follow the ship to Wellington.

"I had to sign just as many papers to go from Auckland to Wellington as to fly from Sydney to New Zealand, but it was worth it," she said, "for I was able to see my son for nine days."

Herbert Hewison was fourth engineer in the Commissaire Ramel, sunk by an enemy raider on its way from Sydney to the United Kingdom.

The crew of 42 were taken prisoner aboard a German raider.

"He said the worst part of life aboard the raider was when other ships were attacked," said Mrs. Hewison.



MRS. H. L. HEWISON, who flew to New Zealand to see her son when his ship was in port.

"What annoyed the Britishers most was when a ship carrying Christmas malls and parcels was sunk."

"The Germans tipped open the parcels, taking what they wanted."

"Then they opened the mail, and those who could read English read bits aloud, jeering at the contents."

"My son said that the treatment in the Italian camps was worse than in the raider."

"One day they heard a lot of planes go up. They knew something was on, and soon after the British advance into Somaliland released them."



HERBERT HEWISON, engineer, of the Merchant Navy, released from an Italian prison camp after his ship was sunk, and now back at sea.

Editorial

OCTOBER 17, 1942

HOLD ON!

THE Prime Minister's stern call to Australia to "hold on" seems to have aroused some disappointment in people who would have liked to hear him hint that Allied forces were about to stage a large-scale offensive in the Pacific.

But there are more ways of holding on than merely waiting for something to turn up or for things in general to improve.

You can hold on with a death-grip like a bulldog.

Mr. Curtin said that our men in New Guinea were holding on. He was well aware that our men were at that moment pushing the enemy back.

He calls that holding on, but it is, of course, holding on in the defensive-offensive spirit.

His injunction had more than a military significance. He referred particularly to civilians.

We civilians need these stern reminders. Our lot is so different from that of our men fighting heroically under the dreadful conditions of warfare in the New Guinea jungle.

In the comparative ease and comfort of our home-front existence it is easy to become a little self-indulgent, to spend a little more than we need, to miss out on our A.R.P. or first-aid lesson, or let the vegetable patch go in favor of too many picnics or too much tennis.

We're all feeling the strain of war. We're all tempted to relax our efforts now and again.

Mr. Curtin knows how dangerous such relaxation is to our war effort.

That's why he makes this urgent and important call.

Hold on!

—THE EDITOR.

SENATOR KEANE—he controls your coupons

His wife manages his home on austerity rules

By MARJORIE BECKINGSALE

Meet the man who helps Australian housewives run their homes—Senator Richard Valentine Keane, Minister for Trade and Customs, and one of the biggest (literally and figuratively) figures in the Australian political world.

This 6ft., 20-stone Senator is in charge of the whole of the rationing system, deals with the control of prices, and with the aid of his attractive wife runs his own home the way he thinks all loyal Australians should run theirs now.

DURING the week, Senator Keane's life conforms to the pattern of the man with Ministerial rank.

There are long train trips, constant visitors, secretaries kept on the go, never-ending telephone calls, long sessions in the House and Cabinet meetings . . .

In all, at least a sixteen-hour day six days a week . . .

But Sunday comes, and in a comfortable home in a quiet street in North Caulfield, Victoria, the Senator becomes a family man.

"Come and see me at home at 11.30 next Sunday," was the invitation I received to meet Senator Keane, his charming wife, grown-up daughter Pat, and two-year-old daughter Virginia Louise.

His other daughter, Nancy, who is his assistant, was in Sydney, and his son Rex is working with the Allied Works Council.

Mrs. Keane, who is the Senator's second wife, greeted me. She is most attractive. Calm, poised, and well groomed, she wears her grey hair rolled high from her face.

In came a very large figure wearing slacks and an up-to-the-neck grey sweater. He gave me a warm handshake and a welcoming smile.

Clinging to his hand was a tiny, doll-like girl of about two, who barely reached the Senator's knees. "This is Virginia Louise, or 'Bubby,'" said Senator Keane proudly.

She sat on his knee as we settled down to talk.

As well as rationing, Senator Keane controls the lease-lend plan with the U.S.A.

The waterside is in his charge, and this includes the rapid unloading and clearance of ships and dock equipment, which latter section he describes as "sadly lacking at the moment."

He is a member of the Allied Supply Council. Among its many ramifications is the provision of supplies for the U.S. troops in Australia.

It was on the subject of control of prices that Senator Keane became discursive.

"In my opinion strict control of prices is the only counter to inflation," he said.

"The mother of a family has to see that her husband's income pro-

PAT KEANE, one of Senator Keane's two grown-up daughters.

vides the necessities to maintain the household.

"It must be remembered that the outrageous prices operating at present fall heaviest on the housewife, as, for instance, the price of meat.

"The women of Australia can rest assured that the Government is giving the matter the closest attention.

"We have brought down a drastic



SENATOR KEANE photographed at his home with his wife and two-year-old daughter, Virginia Louise.

Bill imposing penalties on creatures who overcharge the people of Australia on commodities," said the Senator with a heavy frown.

"It may surprise you," he continued, "but one of our main difficulties is to get people to give evidence on overcharging.

"We get anonymous letters by the hundred, but people seem afraid to come forward and give evidence personally.

"Then, again, some magistrates add to our handicaps by imposing ridiculously light penalties on offenders, but we are going to police the new regulations very carefully."

Conversation then turned to the word which is being used more than any other—austerity . . .

"If every wage earner and every employee would put 10% each week into voluntary war loans, we would raise £90,000,000 per annum and this would give to the people a reserve for eventualities after the war," he said.

"An amount of 10% would still leave everyone 90% for ordinary requirements, which, under rationing, will become less.

"This would not interfere with the 100% war effort which the nation demands.

"I believe that in this national emergency people should refrain from unnecessary spending and by so doing they can best help our men

who are doing such wonderful work in the three forces," went on the Senator.

"Since I became Minister, the expenses in our household have been greatly curtailed. My wife observes the closest possible economy, as she agrees with me that we must set an example for others.

"Why should I or other people insist on getting the most expensive cuts of steak?" demanded the Minister.

"When I was a boy, my mother bought ordinary cuts of meat at the then low prices and we thrived on it" . . .

The Senator then spoke of social services, which he believes are warranted in war-time.

"The widows' pension is a milestone in our progress," he said.

"There is nothing sadder than a woman left alone possibly with young children and very little money.

"Then, too, the increase in pensions was warranted. Surely 25/- a week is not an abnormal amount to give an old person for maintenance.

"There is a job now for every man and woman in this country irrespective of age. After all, the achievements in industrial and social life would be worth nothing to us unless we resist an emergency which is unparalleled."



IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY . . . By WEP

As I Read the STARS by JUNE MARSDEN

THIS is a week of contrasts. Some days are excellent, others very difficult, especially for particular sign-groups.

It is time for caution for Arians, Cancerians, Capricornians, and some Librans, but a week of promise and good fortune for other Librans and also the majority of Geminians and Aquarians, and to a lesser degree Sagittarians and Leonians. Scorpians, Cancerians, and Pisceans can now plan for the better times, but Leonians, Aquarians, and Taurians should take things quietly for several weeks.

The Daily Diary

HERE is my astrological review for the week:

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): October 15 (late), October 16 (after 2 p.m.), and October 17 demand wisdom and caution to avoid difficulties and worry. October 20 (late) poor, too. Routine best.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 22): Avoid overconfidence on October 18 and October 19. Otherwise the week is uneventful. Routine best.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 22): Excellent possibilities for advancement, gains, favors, changes, and general good fortune for wise and diligent Geminians who utilize October 17 (between 9 p.m. and midnight), October 18 (before 6 a.m. and from 4 to 7.15 p.m.), or October 19 (especially from dawn to forenoon and around sunset). Be cautious on other days.

CANCER (June 22 to July 23): Be cautious now, but better times soon, so plan ahead. Meanwhile October 14 (midday), October 15 (evening), October 16 (especially from noon to 8 p.m.), and October 17 (dawn to noon worst) need care.

LEO (July 23 to August 24): Make good use of October 14 (from 10 to 11.30 a.m.), then be cautious to 2.30 p.m., but go ahead again in mid-afternoon and mid-evening. Be moderate in your demands.

VIRGO (August 24 to September 23): Not a very helpful week, but things improve somewhat soon, so plan ahead. Meanwhile, October 14 (midday), October 15 (dusk), October 16, 17, and 20 (early and late) slightly adverse. Avoid changes.

LIBRA (September 23 to October 24): A week of contradictions, so be wise and cautious. October 13 (around sunset) fair, but near midnight poor. October 14 (near dawn and forenoon, and afternoon and evening) fair, but poor between 11.30 a.m. and 2 p.m., October 15 (evening) deceptive. October 16 (especially after 2 p.m.), adverse; also October 17 (worst to noon), October 18 (from 2 to 7 p.m.) good, but forenoon poor. October 19 very good.

SCORPIO (October 24 to November 23): October 16, 17, and 18 poor. October 19 doubtful, so observe caution. October 20 (evening) poor. Plan ahead. Things improve soon.

SAGITTARIUS (November 23 to December 22): October 14 (from 10 a.m. to 11.30 a.m., and after 2 p.m.) helpful, but poor around midday. October 17 (late evening), October 18 (from 3 to 7 p.m.), and October 19 (dawn to dusk) very fair. October 14, 17, and 20 poor.

CAPRICORN (December 22 to January 20): Be on guard. Discard, lose, upsets, difficulties, and worries can make life hard just now, especially on October 15 (evening), October 16 (worst from 2 to 8 p.m.), October 17, and October 20 (late). But things improve somewhat soon, so let all important matters wait.

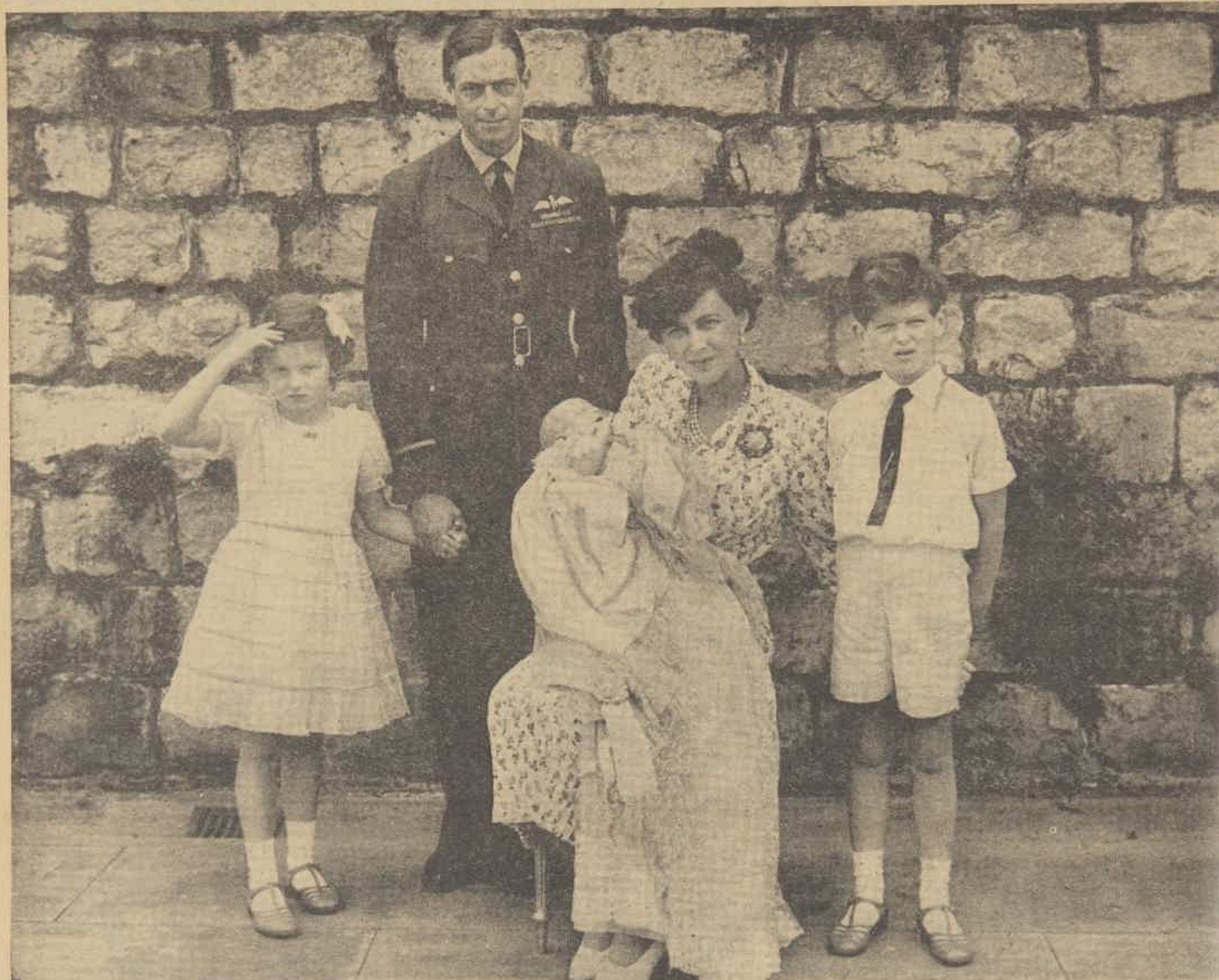
AQUARIUS (January 20 to February 19): October 18 (to 6 a.m.) good, then poor to 11 a.m., but very good from 2 to 7 p.m. Also October 19 (early forenoon and around sunset, with balance of the day fair). Utilise these two days. October 14 (from 10 a.m. to 11.30 a.m., or afternoon and late evening) also helpful.

PISCES (February 19 to March 21): October 20 (between 9 and 10 a.m.) slightly helpful. Also October 13 (around sunrise and sunset), October 18 and 19 doubtful. Others poor. Better times coming very soon, so begin to plan ahead.

The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in it. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor, A.W.W.J.



Last studies of Duke of Kent with his family



THESE STUDIES of the late Duke of Kent were taken at the christening of the Duke and Duchess' third baby, Prince Michael, born on July 4. Princess

Alexandra will be six on Christmas day. Prince Edward was seven on October 9. The Archbishop of Canterbury officiated at christening.



AFTER CHRISTENING CEREMONY. In back row are (l. to r.): Prince Bernhard of Netherlands; King George, the late Duke of Kent; King Haakon

of Norway. Front row: Lady Patricia Ramsay, Queen Mary, Duchess of Kent, holding Prince Michael; Dowager Marchioness of Milford Haven.

ARMY DOGS... they enlist for the duration



ZOE, famous police dog, is headmistress of army's dog school and is official stew-taster for her unit. New recruits are harnessed to Zoe, who puts them through their training.



ON SENTRY GO. Dogs are also trained to lay phone wires, find wounded, carry supplies.

CPL. HOLDEN, assistant to Sgt. Scotty Denholm, trainer of army dogs. With him are Souri (left), dux of school, and Bess, expert at laying phone cables. Cpl. Holden had been unofficial helper to Denholm in training of police dogs since he was a schoolboy.



ROOKIES... Some of the younger four-legged recruits whose owners have enlisted them for the duration. Army needs another 1000 dogs. They must be of large breeds, and less than two years old.



SERGEANT DENHOLM administers pill to an ailing pupil. Dogs are identified by noseprints.

SHOTGUN CUPID

Ann really needed a doctor's care, but the handsome young doctor didn't seem to care.

It all started when she, an orphan of twenty summers, was walking in the park and a horse bit her. She was slim, pretty, and not the kind horses generally bite; especially horses belonging to the police department. Her name was Ann Underwood, and she had the second lead in "People's Choice," a hit play.

Every morning she walked in Central Park for exercise and then sat on a bench and did some knitting. This day she was strolling along when she came upon a mounted cop. Reaching out her hand, she started to pat the horse's muzzle. The horse, without hesitation, bit her arm.

Later on there was an explanation. The horse, ordinarily a pleasant character, had recently been on riot duty in connection with labor strikes. Female agitators often came armed with harpins which they stuck in the horses to get them to unseat their blue-coated riders.

This particular horse was accustomed to defending himself by biting the harpin stickers, a habit his master hadn't done much to discourage. When Ann extended her hand to him that morning, she had her knitting needles in the other, and the horse saw them. He gave her a good nip, mistaking her for one of the subversive elements.

Naturally, at the time, nothing was known of the horse's past, and a good deal of indignation was directed towards him. An excited crowd formed right after the accident. The policeman wanted to call an ambulance. A man in a big hat, with an Oklahoma accent, punched the horse in the nose. A woman fainted. Ann was bleeding.

Suddenly a young man appeared and took charge of the situation. Calling a cab, he rushed Ann to his hospital. Ann's wound was cauterized. She had an anti-tetanus shot. Before she knew it she was out of her clothes and in bed, with orders to rest.

Late in the afternoon, by the time Ann was beginning to think desperately about the play and wonder where they had put her dress, the young man came in to visit her. She knew by now that he was a doctor, but what with one thing and another she hadn't had a chance to get a good look at him. She was pleasantly surprised.

Her experience with doctors had been with ones who were bald, too heavy, and middle-aged. He was young, his scalp couldn't be seen through his hair, and he was built along the lines of a championship tennis player. And his face was practically as restful to the eyes as that of Dennis De Long, who did the male lead in "People's Choice."

"Hello," Ann said. "Before we get into any vulgar altercation, I want to tell you I'm an actress and I'm in a play and I've got to go on at eight-forty-two to-night."

"All right," the doctor replied, "don't get in an uproar. This is a hospital, not a gnu. You can wear a dress with long sleeves to-night."

"Oh," Ann said. "You're not going to be tough about it, huh?"

The doctor shook his head and sat down beside her. He had the quiet purposefulness of all medical men, even in giving his name. It was Richard Baker. He took her pulse. That was holding hands in a scientific way, and Ann rather enjoyed it.

"You'll live," he told her.

"That's what I wanted to hear," Ann said. "I'll never be able to thank you enough, Doc."

"Dick," "Thanks, Dick." "You're welcome." He picked up the phone. "What's the name of the play you're in?" "People's Choice."

He gravely called an agency and ordered one ticket in the second row, centre, for that night's performance. Some of the medical profession, she perceived, would take out a girl as quickly as they take out an appendix.

"I suppose," he said, hanging up, "that you'd prefer to have an early dinner with me to-night."

"Look," Ann said, "straighten me out. In this personal or professional?"

"Professional. You'll need a nourishing diet and I want to select it for you."

"Is this costing me anything?"

"Nothing. Not even the dinner."

Ann sighed and stretched luxuriously.

"Get me my clothes. It's a deal, Doc."

"Dick."

"Dick," Ann added.

She changed to a long-sleeved dress while Dick waited in the sitting-room of her apartment. Then they went out to an early dinner.

"I have to work, you know," she explained.

"Work?" Dick said. "You don't call that work, do you?"

"You've been nice about my arm."

Ann said calmly, "so I won't bite yours. But let's not argue. I've been through this kind of thing before with well-meaning friends, and I have a low boiling point."

He gave her a queer, raised-eyebrow look. That was the beginning of the Theatre Question with them.

After dinner Ann disappeared through the stage door and Dick took up his position in the second row, centre. At the end he applauded mightily when the cast came before the curtain for bows. And he was waiting at the stage door when Ann left the theatre.

"Listen," she said, "aren't you violating ethics or something by spending all your time with one patient?"

"It's your arm," Dick replied. "I'm worried about it."

"Is—is it bad?"

"I'll always think so."

Ann studied him reflectively as he summoned a cab.

"Before we go any farther," she said, "and before you buy me any diamond bracelets or mink coats, I think we ought to have what is known as an understanding. Are you married?"

"No, but I intend to be."

"Good idea. Some strong, silent girl who can cook and sterilise instruments."

"You wouldn't like that, I suppose?" he asked.

"My life is the theatre. And I can't cook."

"Especially if your arm falls off."

but let's not talk shop. Do you enjoy dancing?"

They attended three night clubs. During the periods when they were able to make themselves heard above the clamor of the orchestras, they exchanged confidences. She told him about the drama class at the University, the little theatres, pounding the Broadway pavements. He told her about medical school, being an intern, building up a practice. Then they yawned at each other simultaneously.

"It's nice," Ann said cooly. "Two souls with but a single thought—of getting a little sleep."

He saw her to her apartment and kissed her good night. He did the job with precision and speed, like a good surgeon.

The next night Dick was back in row two, centre. And the night after that. The rest of the cast began to talk.

"It's the horse bite," Ann explained patiently. "It's dangerous."

"That's what somebody ought to tell you," the company manager said, "unless his intentions are honorable."

Occasionally Ann wondered about that, too. All Dick did was kiss her good night and look at her arm. It was a month before she got around to sounding him out. By then he was famous as the boy who never missed a performance and they were spending a day in the country with a lunch basket.

"Doesn't this interfere with your practice?" Ann asked.

"What?"

"Watching my arm like a bird watching a snake."

"I don't like the way you put it," Dick said, "but it does."

"My arm is healed."

"I'm afraid something might develop."

"So am I," Ann told him.

He looked around the spring countryside. She waited with an odd sensation of tightness for his next words.

"Lovely weather, isn't it?" he remarked.

Ann swallowed hard. "Would you care," she asked cautiously, "to say any more on the subject we were just discussing?"

Glancing at her blandly, he replied, "No, the prosecution rests."

Stretching out on the blanket, he tossed away his cigarette and put his arms over his eyes. He really was resting, Ann thought indignantly.

The next day he called her up to tell her he was leaving town for a week, to attend a medical conference. Ann bade him good-bye casually, but within two hours she was lonely. The feeling was progressive. At the end of forty-eight hours she moped. The company manager recommended some simple home restorative.

Then, to add to her troubles that week, she developed an impacted wisdom tooth. While the doctor was X-raying it, revelation came to her. She was in love with Dick! Hopelessly, helplessly, absolutely in love with him. Treatment by another doctor—who was bald, fat, and middle-aged—apparently brought the thing out. They gave her gas for the extraction and she babbled his name happily.

Somehow she managed to go on the stage, with a full heart and a swollen jaw, and thickly speak her lines. She was through the worst when a wire arrived from Dick. He was coming in the next morning. Evidently he took it for granted that she would meet him at the station.

She knew that was bad strategy on her part, but she was there in the morning. He jumped off the train, swept her into his arms, and kissed her on the sore side of her face. She leaped and yelped. He stared at her.

"My poor darling!" he said. "Who hit you?"

She explained and crept back into his arms, craving comfort. But he shoved her away and there on the platform, in the presence of several interested spectators, prised open her mouth and anxiously examined the interior.

"Good job," he commented. "Healing nicely. . . . Ann, I've missed you terribly. I never realised how much you meant to me. I've been lonely every second I've been away. Will you marry me?"

"Glad!" Ann said.

"Does that mean yes?"

Ann nodded energetically. He kissed her with unerring aim on a spot that wasn't sore. Only a doctor would have known how to do that, she thought gratefully.

"I'm the happiest man in the country," he said. "And I think you're wise to marry a doctor. You seem to have a lot of things the matter with you. . . . Let's get a cup of coffee."

They sat at the station lunch counter and held hands. They were very happy for about five minutes.

"Of course," Dick said, "you'll have to give up acting and settle down to being a bride."

"Huh?"

"I said you'll have to give up—"

"I heard you," Ann told him quietly. "Are you kidding?"

"Do I look like kidding?"

"No. . . . no, you don't. But if you aren't you're still going to be as much of a bachelor as you ever were."

"You mean you won't quit the stage to get married?"

"You've guessed it."

"Now, wait a minute—" Dick began.

They went on from there. The discussion ended on a distinctly no-progress note.

"It's been nice knowing you," Ann said. "I probably have you to thank for my right arm. But I still dislike you."

He picked up his bag and walked somberly off. Ann found a handkerchief and wiped her eyes.

A couple of nights later, after the show, the manager took her aside.

"I know this is a bit and everything," he said, "but we can't go on having one of the leading roles in a comedy played tragically. Will



"You have a right to a career, married or not," Dick told Ann magnificently.

you either forget that croaker or marry him?"

"For the love of Mike!" Ann said indignantly. "Can't you give a girl two days to get over a broken heart? The Guild's got that in their contract."

"You've had your two days. Get in there and pitch to-morrow night."

The next night Dick returned to second row, centre. Ann brightened up. The whole cast picked up. A play that was getting old began rolling again. The manager wondered if they shouldn't give the guy a permanent pass.

Dick was waiting by the stage door when Ann came out. By clasping both hands together and holding on

tight she prevented herself from instantly throwing them around his neck.

"What's the matter?" she asked, trying to be severe. "Did you forget something?"

"You," he said.

"Oh, Dick!"

They went into a complicated clinch. He kissed her tenderly on an unsores spot. The doorman had to shove them gently aside to let others out of the theatre.

"Do you still love me?" Ann said.

"Of course," Dick replied. "And I was worried about your mouth. How's it coming?"

"Fine, darling."

"Open wide, please."

HER jaws stretched to their maximum, he manoeuvred her around under a light and peered inside.

"Going nicely," he said. "My heart's all right now, too. Do you want me to marry you again?"

"Certainly, Ann, I've been wrong. You have a right to a career, married or not," he said, magnificently, taking her in his arms.

"Sure," Ann said. "I told you that right along."

They hugged each other tightly. The doorman called them a cab without being asked.

They went to an expensive night club in honor of the repaired engagement.

Ann had never been so happy. Dick sat staring at her, thinking what he would have lost except for second row, centre. Ann wanted to make him as happy as she was, to lift him to that startling pinnacle of bliss which seems reserved for women in love; but she knew that somehow men have their work mixed up with their emotions, so she casually mentioned her appendix, which had been bothering her obscurely.

Dick appeared to rise on a quick updraft of elation, and she beamed, knowing her work was good even if the appendix thing was only an old complaint that probably would never come to the operative stage.

They decided on marriage the day after "People's Choice" closed, which would be before long. If her appendix pains increased in frequency, the marriage date would have to be advanced.

Then he showed her the rings he had with him, a surprise he was withholding till the end of the evening. There was a huge diamond engagement ring only an actor should have bought and a lovely old plain gold wedding ring—once his mother's. Ann choked up. She couldn't say anything. She looked at Dick and tried to wink back the tears and smiled.

He wished the engagement ring on her finger and sealed the action with a kiss. His wish was that the ring would stay on forever. Actually, it was only there for two weeks.

The night it came off Dick was standing outside Ann's dressing-room after the performance when the doorman brought in a fat man from Hollywood named Cassidy. The latter said briefly, "Talent scout, National Pictures," and Ann shoved Dick aside.

"You'll have to wait a minute, angel," she told him. "Hollywood comes first."

She motioned for Cassidy to enter and closed the door. They were closeted together for ten minutes. Dick tried to listen through the door without seeming too undignified, but he couldn't hear much of anything. Nevertheless, his imagination supplied what was lacking. His love life was obviously crawling to a close again.

The door popped open. Cassidy and Ann appeared. She was radiant; as radiant as the night of their second engagement when Dick had wished the ring on her finger.

"Mr. Cassidy," she said, "this is Doctor Baker. Dick, I'm going to Hollywood!"

"You are—like fun!" Dick replied. Cassidy looked at him more in pity than in anger.

"You married to her?" he asked.

"Not yet," Dick said.

"That's good," Cassidy said.

"National is giving me a contract," Ann continued, apparently not having heard a word. "At five hundred dollars a week. Dick, this is the foot of the pot of gold with the rainbow at the end of the trail." She fluffed back her hair from her flushed face with both hands. "Is it hot in here or is it just me?"

"I thought you were going to marry me," Dick said.

"My word is my bond, I am." "And we'll live at opposite ends of the continent."

"Not for long, angel. Only five or six years. Movie stars don't last long."

"I've been raised in the tradition of not hitting women," Dick began, "but there comes a time—"

"I think I'll be getting along," Cassidy remarked.

"The theatre, yes," Dick said.

"Hollywood, no. That's final."

"I thought you weren't going to stand in my way."

"I'm not, I'm getting out."

Slowly she slipped the ring off her finger and handed it to him. Cassidy watched this transaction approvingly. Acting or not, the kid was good.

"Thanks," Dick said.

"Never mind about making out a receipt," Ann told him coldly, and turned around and left them.

Going home in a taxi, the bottom fell out of things for Ann. It fell

out of New York, Hollywood and all the forty-eight States. She huddled in a corner of the seat, dry-throated and seared, watching her dreams come tumbling down.

Her apartment lights were burning and there was a man inside waiting for her when she got home. For a single blessed instant she thought the man might be Dick. But it was only her Uncle Preston Underwood, an actor with a beard from Hollywood.

"Oh, Uncle Preston!" she cried, and ran into his arms and began to cry. "I'm going to Hollywood!"

Uncle Preston patted her shoulder and tried to keep his beard out of her eyes. He seemed a little amazed.

"That's nice," he said. "But I've never seen anybody get wise to the place before they've been there."

"I've got to go," Ann said, "but I don't want to."

"I know how you feel," Uncle Preston assured her sadly. "At those prices—"

"No you don't. I should be under a doctor's care. But the doctor doesn't care. It's all my fault though. Do you understand?"

"Suppose," Uncle Preston suggested, "you tell me the whole story in your own words, omitting not even the most loathsome details. Sometimes even the advice of a guy who is always buying up the settlers' land where the railroad is going through or rustling cattle is helpful."

Still sniffing, Ann began with the horse-biting episode and went steadily through to the ring-giving-back fade-out. Then she wept again. Uncle Preston considered the situation gravely.

"Well," he said after due deliberation, "you face a future of bandages and pill rolling in New York or playing the rancher's daughter in Hollywood. Which do you prefer?"

"Pill rolling," Ann said. "But I can't go to him now and make it up. I've got my pride, too."

"In that case," said Uncle Preston, "I think I can help you."

"How?"

"In the last picture I was in," Uncle Preston said, "a terrible thing called 'Wyoming Comes to Brooklyn,' there was a problem somewhat resembling yours. I won't bother

you with the whole plot, mainly because I only read the scenes I was in, but anyway these Western people come East and the rancher's daughter falls in love with a rich young man, but on account of the scenario writers they can't get together.

"So the girl's grandfather—that was me, in a beard—takes his shotgun and makes the rich young man do the right thing in the immemorial way. It was quite a funny scene, the reviews said. Everything turned out happily except for the company that made the picture."

"No, thanks," Ann said. "Anyhow, what do I do?"

"Need I tell you?" Uncle Preston asked. "You're an actress, aren't you?"

They called a cab and stopped by The Lamb's Club while Uncle Preston did a little negotiating. Presently he appeared with something under his coat.

"Tell the driver the doctor's address," he ordered.

During the drive, he took a couple of shells from his pocket and loaded the gun. Ann watched this with lackluster eyes, then asked: "Why do you have to load it?"

"Makes it more realistic," Uncle Preston explained. "This may be tough, and I need something to key me up."

"Don't you hurt him!"

"Gosh, no. I wouldn't know how to use one of these things."

They stopped in front of Dick's apartment house. Uncle Preston climbed out, the shotgun concealed in his coat.

"You wait," he said confidently. Ann slumped down in the seat and put cold hands over her face.

Dick answered Uncle Preston's ring and stared at his bearded visitor.

"Doctor Baker?" Uncle Preston demanded.

"That's right," Dick said.

Uncle Preston shoved past him and closed the door. Dick closed his right fist. Uncle Preston removed the shotgun from his coat.

"I reckon you don't know me, pardner," he said impressively. "No."

"I'm Ann Underwood's uncle—her

"I reckon you don't know me, pardner," said Uncle Preston impressively.

Uncle Rufe from Wyoming. Just got into the Big Town."

"Yes?"

"Ann's been tellin' me," Uncle Preston said, "about this romance she's been carryin' on with you. She says it's over an' that she'll never go back to you, but I can tell the little gal is still in love with you."

"That's nice," Dick said.

"It's gonna be right nice," Uncle Preston told him, a grim note coming in his voice. "Out in Wyoming when men fool around with a gal's heart the way you done, they do the right thing afterwards—or get a load of buckshot through the heart. That's why I'm here to-night . . . to see you do the right thing. I got the gal downstairs."

There was a long moment of silence. Uncle Preston waited.

"I lied to you a moment ago," Dick said. "I do know you. And I've seen the picture. And you tell Ann if she wants to swallow her silly pride and come back to me, she can do it herself and make the apology in person. Hiring ham actors to pull stupid stunts like this won't help her any."

"The ham actor business I don't mind," Uncle Preston said, "but I do object to the hiring part. I'm her real uncle and I'm doing this for nothing. Doctor Baker, you're making a big mistake. She loves you, and all there is between you is a little pride and four flights of steps. And Hollywood is where she isn't going."

"Tell her to come up any time—alone."

"Are those your final words?"

"No, my final words are beat it!"

Ann saw Uncle Preston emerging from the apartment house alone except for the concealed shotgun. She leaned out of the cab window, not surprised.

"What happened?" she asked.

"He's seen the picture," Uncle Preston said sadly. "And he says you'll have to come up alone and apologise."

"Apologise!" Ann cried. "Why, that swell-headed undertaker's advance man! I'll see him in Dante's Inferno first! Why didn't you shoot him?"

"You told me not to," Uncle Preston replied.

"Let's go," Ann said.

The apartment-house elevator wasn't working when they arrived, so they started trudging up the dark staircase. Ann was ahead, unseeing and dumb.

"Hollywood isn't so bad," Uncle Preston said, "as soon as you get used to your boots and saddle."

He slipped the shotgun from under his coat, trying to find an easier way to carry it. The gun fell from his hands, banging on the stairs. Then there was the deafening blast of a report and a splash of red flame. And then a wall from Ann.

"Are you hit?" Uncle Preston gasped.

"Yes!" wailed Ann.

For a long time Ann had to lie on her face on a hard table, under glaring lights. But at last they transferred her to a room and a comfortable bed.

Dick came in.

"I'm going to murder that fat-headed uncle of yours," he said.

"No," Ann replied, "don't do it. He's Cupid—with a shotgun instead of a bow and arrow. How much powder did you pick out of me?"

"They're counting the pieces now. The returns will be in any minute."

"Now I can't go to Hollywood," Ann said, "not in the condition I'm in."

"No, you need a doctor's care."

"Well, it's taken out of my hands. Do you still want to marry me?"

He slipped the engagement ring back on her finger, followed by the wedding ring. He kissed her.

"Right away," he said. "Before something else happens to you. There's such a thing as preventive medicine."

(Copyright)





FOR R.A.A.F. Central Area Comforts Fund. Mrs. John Human (left) and Marie Coen with articles auctioned at dinner dance at Prince's. More than £60 was raised by sale.



ARMY DOCTOR WEDS. Captain Kevin Clifford, A.A.M.C., and his bride, formerly Doreen McKay, leaving St. Mary's Cathedral. She is younger daughter of Mrs. B. McKay, of Bellevue Hill.

Gottings ON THE HOME FRONT

SPEND interesting morning visiting Civilian Emergency Clothing Committee's workroom, where used clothes are converted into amazingly smart garments.

President of committee, Lady Anderson, acts as my guide.

Tells me that organisation was formed at Government's request to prepare large stocks of clothing in event of serious air raids.

"Thousands have been made already and sent to country and city centres," says Lady Anderson, proudly showing me several large crates just ready to be sent away.

All clothes made from discarded garments. Soldiers' uniforms and shirts are sent in by military authorities, then unpicked, pressed, and cut out.

"Also need as many good used civilian clothes as we can get," Lady Anderson continues.

All work is voluntary. Thirty women come to workroom every day, some two and three times a week.



AFTER CEREMONY. Captain and Mrs. Angus Blair, bridesmaid Mrs. R. D. Bassett, and best man, Dr. Colin Lawson. Bride was Freda Bassett, only daughter of Mr. G. D. Bassett, M.L.C., and Mrs. Bassett, of Cumboogie, Dubbo.

Heard Around TOWN

GREAT excitement for Waddy family when Flight-Lieut. John Waddy, R.A.A.F., receives D.F.C. in Middle East.

John sends cables with good news to his parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. I. Waddy, Collaroy, and to his wife, Vera.

She and small son, Lloyd, are staying with her parents, the E. W. Deggates, at Rose Bay.

He is their second son to be decorated. Squadron-Leader Edgar Waddy, R.A.F., has Indian Service Medal with bar. He was John's C.O. when he was training in Rhodesia.

GROUP-CAPTAIN TONY CARR was among guests at Lieut.-Col. Tom Blamey's wedding in Washington to American bride, Georgia Roberts.

Tony, who was recently appointed Senior Air Staff Officer with Australian Air Mission in Washington, says bride is most attractive, and has set up housekeeping in charming apartment in Washington.

Air Mission's wedding present to pair was a set of silver goblets.

WEDDING in Melbourne for Beth Renkin and Lieut.-Observer R. G. Scott, R.A.N.R.S., when he arrives home unexpectedly on leave. Lieut. Scott, son of Mrs. V. Scott, Potts Point, was one of the three Australian survivors from Ark Royal. He has been overseas since beginning of war.

ENGAGEMENT announced. Elvina Veale and Captain L. H. Fuhrman, of Australian Staff Corps. They met four years ago in Canberra when Captain Fuhrman was at Duntroon, and engagement is announced on fourth anniversary of meeting.

Elvina is elder daughter of Lieut.-Commander R. S. Veale, R.A.N.R., and late Mrs. Veale, Elwood, Melbourne.

Her fiancé is only son of Major and Mrs. O. C. Fuhrman, Simla, India.

MRS. TOM BATEMAN and baby son Edmund have gone to the country for few weeks.

Her husband, Dr. Tom Bateman, has received call-up for army, and is now in camp.

PLANS are being made for afternoon concert at Cranbrook School on October 20. Proceeds for Prisoners of War Fund.

Lady Wakehurst, hopes to attend. Mrs. Hyam Owen is arranging programme, and Lindsey Evans, Leo Darnton, and Sydney de Vries will be artists.

Afternoon tea will be on austerity lines, just tea and biscuits.

PRETTY Lesley Curtis has new job. It's rather "hush-hush" with the navy.

Best friend, Eve Playfair, has also joined ranks of working girls. She's doing clerical work at office of Rationing Commission.



FOR SOLDIERS' CLUB. Mrs. Ron Hackett (left) and Mrs. Clem Whiteley inspect some of goods sold at party at Australian and Allied Soldiers' Club. They include original canvas by Australian Women's Weekly artist, "Wep."



PICTURE NIGHT. (From left): Mesdames Alec Rofe, Sverre Kaaten, and Stuart Nivison at State Theatre. Proceeds to support candidature of 2/5th Field Regiment's Comforts Fund Queen, Marion Leslie.



SOLDIER LENDS HELPING HAND. Driver Edward Fulmer helps Mrs. L. Cooper (left) and Ewertta Barrett peel turnips at Anzac Buffet.



GARDEN FETE. Mrs. G. F. Copeland (left) and Lady Morshead at Artarmon home of Mrs. L. Jordan. Funds for 3rd Anti-Tank Regiment Comforts Fund.



ARTIST. Alice Danciger with one of the posters she has painted to decorate walls of clubroom for members of Fighting French Forces.

"WE have sent 70,000 sheepskins to Soviet Union, and hope next shipment will be 75,000," says Mrs. M. Stepanoff, secretary of Russian Medical Aid and Comforts Committee.

"Proceeds from dance to be held at State ballroom on November 7 will go to buy more sheepskins," she adds.

Mrs. Stepanoff leaves this week for Newcastle, Cessnock, and Brisbane with exhibition of Soviet photographs and newspaper cartoons recently shown in Sydney.

This is second tour she has made in N.S.W. to raise funds for committee.

YOUNGEST candidate in "Miss Red Cross" competition is fourteen-year-old June Williams, who is "Miss Brighton-le-Sands."

"Splendid list of 88 entries," says Mrs. Penfold Hyland, organiser of Red Cross Day on December 4, when winner will be announced.

They include well-known actress Katie Towers, Mrs. Clarie Martin, wife of State Attorney-General, as "Miss Waverley," Marie Louise Stuart Doyle dominated by Warrington, and Margaret Gale by Lindfield.

NEWS of Toni Hurley's marriage to Major Frank Mooy is sent by cable to her father, Captain Frank Hurley, official photographer for A.I.F., who is in Middle East.

Toni and Frank met in Darwin when she was at the records office in the war department.

Bride wears Old-World gown of white marquisette and lace, with hooped skirt, and carries bouquet of white flowers.

Signalwoman Yvonne Hurley is bridesmaid, and Major Nigel Sutherland best man.

STAUNCH support for Mrs. Daniel McKechnie, representing Manly branch of Sailors, Soldiers and Air-men's Mothers, Wives and Widows' Association in grandmother competition for Shilling Drive.

Mrs. McKechnie, who has six grandchildren and three sons, is hostess at Allen Home for Servicemen at Manly.

Funds for her votes are raised by conducting a stall each week on Corso.

Competition ends this week and all votes must be sent in by noon on Saturday.

LEARN about splendid work being done by Collie Patriotic and War Fund from honorary organiser, P. David Fye, of New Merrigal, Gulgandra, who is in town for a few days.

Tells me that £3000 has been raised since war began.

"All the more wonderful when one considers the population of district is only 295, including babies," he says.

Last effort was gymkhana when £500 was made for Red Cross Prisoners of War Fund.

WHITE gown and flowers for Rosemary Wright when she marries Lieutenant Garrick Wilson, A.I.F., son of late W. G. Wilson and Mrs. Wilson, Killara.

Ceremony at St. John's Church, Toorak.

Rosemary, frequent visitor to Sydney, is daughter of Consul for Netherlands, Col. F. H. Wright, and Mrs. Wright. Her sister, Patricia, is bridesmaid.

Rosemary and Garrick plan to make home here.

Betty

Fashion PATTERNS



F2278



F3168



F3372



1 2 3

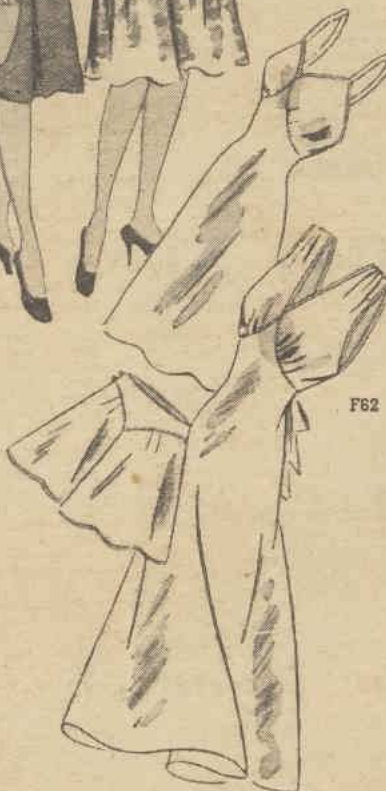
Special Concession Pattern

CHARMING FROCKS FOR SUNNY DAYS

Sizes 32, 34, 36-inch bust.
No. 1 requires 3½ yds. and 1 yd. contrast, 36 ins. wide.
No. 2 requires 3½ yds. and 1 yd. contrast, 36 ins. wide.
No. 3 requires 3½ yds., 36 ins. wide.

★ NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS ★

F3362



F62

F2278.—Dainty blouse with yoke and Peter Pan collar for girls 8 to 14 years. Requires 1½ yds., 36 ins. wide. Pattern, 1/4.

F3168.—Cool style with slim-making front panel and crisp touches of white. 32 to 38 bust. Requires 3½ yds. and 1 yd. contrast, 36 ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F3362.—Beautifully tailored suit for summer. 32 to 38 bust. Requires 4½ yds., 36 ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F3372.—Slender, long-torso bodice offset with a full skirt. 32 to 38 bust. Requires 3½ yds., 36 ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F62.—Three-piece lingerie set, trimly tailored and well cut, 32 to 38 bust. Requires 3½ yds. for nightie, 2½ yds. for slip, and 1 yd. for panties, 36 ins. wide. Pattern, 2/7.

Fashion FROCK SERVICE

"Marjorie" spectator sports
frock in silk slub

THIS attractive business-cum-sports frock is available from our Fashion Frock Department ready to wear or cut out ready to make yourself.

"MARJORIE" is made in silk slub linen, long wearing and uncrushable, and in a range of attractive colors including light blue, dusty-pink, lemon, turquoise, London-tau, and royal-blue.

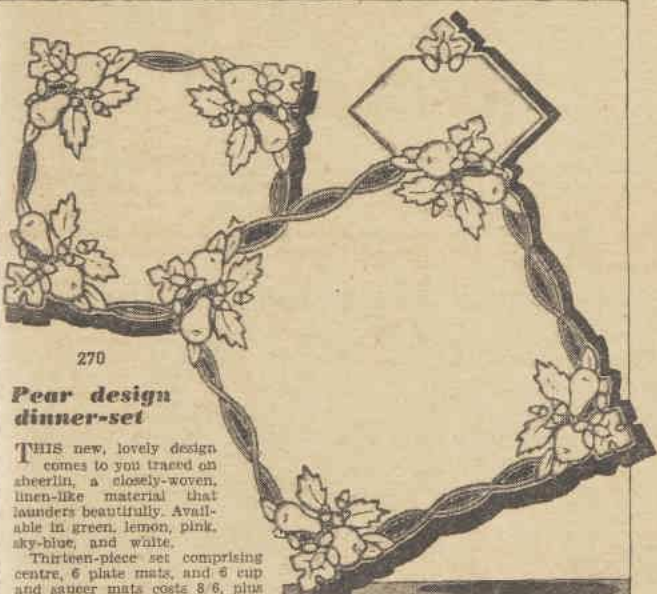
The design features the popular shirtwaist bodice, and the trim skirt achieves fullness with inverted pleats.

READY TO WEAR: Sizes 32, 34, 36-inch bust, 58/11 (12 coupons), 38 and 40-inch bust, 43/6 (12 coupons).

CUT OUT READY TO MAKE YOURSELF: Sizes 32, 34, 36-inch bust, 28/11 (13 coupons), 38 and 40-inch bust, 26/6 (13 coupons).

Postage, 1/63 extra.

How to obtain "MARJORIE." In N.S.W. obtain postal note for required amount and send to Box 3498, G.P.O., Sydney. In other States use address given at right. When ordering be sure to state bust and hip measurements, and name of model.



270

Pear design dinner-set

THIS new, lovely design comes to you traced on sheerlin, a closely-woven, linen-like material that launders beautifully. Available in green, lemon, pink, sky-blue, and white.

Thirteen-piece set comprising centre, 6 plate mats, and 6 cup and saucer mats costs 8/6, plus 6½d. postage.

Nine-piece set comprising centre, 4 plate and 4 cup and saucer mats costs 7/3, plus 6½d. postage.

Individually: Centre 3/3, plate mats 1/3, cup and saucer mats 8d. each, serviettes to match, 1/3. Please add postage and quote 270 when ordering.



271

BOOK-END COVERS (illustrated above)

New and novel. Made to cover wedge-shaped pieces of wood. Would make unusual Christmas gifts. In green, lemon, blue, pink, white, deep cream and green. Lynette traced for embroidery. Price, 2/6 pair, plus 3½d. postage.

PINAFORE FROCK (left)

Available all ready to cut out and make up in corded British flimty featuring dainty, unusual motifs on a white background. Quote No. 272 when ordering.

4 to 6 years, price 6/11; 6 to 8 years, 7/11; 8 to 10 years, 9/3. 7 coupons required for each frock, also 6½d. postage. Paper pattern only, price 1/4.



272

PLEASE NOTE! To ensure prompt despatch of patterns ordered by post you should: * Write your name and full address in block letters. * Be sure to include necessary stamps and postal notes. * State size required. * For children state age of child. * Use box numbers given on concession coupon.

Concession Coupon

AVAILABLE for one month from date of issue. 3d. stamp must be forwarded for each coupon enclosed. Patterns over one month old 5d. extra.

Send your order to "Pattern Department," in the address in your State, at under:

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(N.Z. readers use money orders only.)

Patterns may be called for or obtained by post.

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Pattern Coupon, 15/10/42.

Film Reviews

★ ★ TWIN BEDS

Joan Bennett. (United Artists.)
BEDROOM farce, "Twin Beds" delivers its laughs from robust slapstick and racy lines.

George Brent and Joan Bennett portray newly-weds who are established in a luxury apartment when neighbor Mischa Auer begins making romantic advances to Joan.

The two stars, rather wooden in their roles, are overshadowed by comedians Auer, Una Merkel, Ernest Truex, and Margaret Hamilton (a maid).—Mayfair; showing.

★ ★ BUTCH MINDS THE BABY

Virginia Bruce. (Universal.)
TYPICALLY Damon Runyon in its bright dialogue, plot, and characterization, this refreshing comedy casts Brod Crawford as a "tough" ex-safecracker who saves Virginia Bruce from suicide, then forms a sentimental attachment for her baby. It's packed full of amusing episodes, the acting is smart—and the baby enchanting.—Capitol; showing.

★ SHANGHAI GESTURE

Gene Tierney. (United Artists.)
HEAVILY melodramatic, this tale of the Orient is also very dull. It has Gene Tierney, pretty but unconvincing, as the heroine who is led on the downward path by Mother Gin Sling (Oona Munson), a gambling-den operator who seeks vengeance against Gene's father (Walter Huston). And the young man who helps encompass Gene's ruin is Vic Mature, who manages to look quite sensationally romantic as an Arab mystic.—Plaza; showing.

Shows Still Running

★ ★ Mrs. Miniver. Greer Garson, Walter Pidgeon in magnificent drama.—Liberty; 3rd week.

★ ★ The Man Who Came to Dinner. Monty Woolley, Bette Davis in enchanting comedy.—Century; 3rd week.

★ ★ Joan of Paris. Polignat drama of Occupied France introduces fascinating Michele Morgan, Paul Henreid.—Embassy; 8th week.

OUR FILM GRADINGS

★ ★ ★ Excellent
★ ★ Above average
★ Average
No stars — below average.

★ ★ ★ Professor Mamlock. S. Mezhinski in powerful Russian anti-Nazi drama.—Savoy; 2nd week.

★ ★ Ball of Fire. Gary Cooper, Barbara Stanwyck in attractive whimsy.—Regent; 4th week.

★ ★ Smilin' Through. Jeanette MacDonald, Gene Raymond in tear-jerking musical.—St. James; 3rd week.

★ ★ The Lady Has Plans.—Paulette Goddard, Ray Milland in witty comedy-drama.—Prince Edward; 3rd week.

★ ★ Ice-capades. Diverting musical with novel skating by Dorothy Lewis and other ice stars.—Victory; 2nd week.

★ ★ The Em. Cowboy. Abbott Costello, less comical than usual.—Lyceum; 4th week.

★ Sleepytime Gal. Judy Canova, Tom Brown in typical Canova slapstick.—State; 2nd week.

Ann Sheridan and Brent agree on divorce



ANN SHERIDAN and George Brent, whose divorce is announced, had been thought by Hollywood to be ideally matched.

Cabled from VIOLA MACDONALD IN HOLLYWOOD

Ann Sheridan told me yesterday that she and George Brent, who are separated after one year of marriage, have agreed upon a divorce. "When we met, after three weeks of not seeing each other, we discussed our problems and reached this decision," added Ann.

BRENT, who is a civilian instructor in the Army Air Corps, said to two of his friends last week: "Ann wants a divorce, so I am giving it to her."

Rumors of their separation have been rife in Hollywood for some time, but were lulled when it was reasoned that Brent was away so much in connection with his new job, while Ann was on location with Warners.

Brent has been married three times before—first to an Irish girl, then to actress Ruth Chatterton, and thirdly to Australian film

actress Joy Howarth (Constance Worth).

Joy Howarth and Brent separated after only three weeks of married life. Brent immediately applied to the courts for annulment of his marriage to Joy, opening a court case which at the time (1936) was given international publicity. He lost this suit for annulment, and Joy promptly filed a suit for divorce, which she won.

To-day, under her screen name of Constance Worth, Joy is embarking upon a fifteen-episode serial for Republic, called "G-Men Versus the Black Dragon." This film, in which Joy has the feminine lead, deals with a Japanese secret spy society.

Ann Sheridan and Brent had been friends for three years prior to their marriage last year. Hollywood considered them ideally matched. Ann, who is easy-going and a good sport, was thought the one woman capable of coping with Brent's moody disposition. In fact, his frequent Garbo-like desire to be alone resulted in Ann cheerfully building "bachelor quarters" for him in the garden of their home. Here, in a cabin designed to represent a ship, Brent was able to brood undisturbed.

Ann herself, who is at present making "Edge of Darkness" for Warners, has already divorced one man—actor Eddie Norris. Curiously enough, Norris and Brent are to-day stationed as flying instructors at the same post—and Norris is divorcing his bride of three weeks. "Mickey" June Satterlee, who has stated that she married Norris solely for the publicity, which would further her own career.

HOT NEWS FROM STUDIOS

Cabled by VIOLA MACDONALD from Hollywood

NEWS of the forces . . . Robert Stack has joined the Navy Air Arm; Donald Crisp has become a lieutenant-colonel in the Army administrative branch, working between London and Washington; Shirley Temple's brother George has been promoted to the rank of sergeant in the Marines.

★ ★ ★ MICKEY ROONEY has absolutely refused to make any comment upon his divorce—at present. He has been seen visiting night-clubs alone. Ava Gardner Rooney, his young wife, who is suing him for divorce, is in hospital with a sore throat.

PETROL rationing brought out an ancient hansom cab on Hollywood Boulevard, where the vehicle carried on a brisk trade, ferrying stars to night-clubs. The first customers were Mr. and Mrs. Lou Costello.

★ ★ ★ NOTHING has shocked the town as much for years as the suicide of Mrs. Norma Auer, first wife of Mischa Auer. Mrs. Auer sent her children, Tony and Zoe, to the actor for custody, after a court case brought by him, which had actually granted her the possession of their

two children. Leaving a note which said she had nothing to live for, Mrs. Auer then took poison, and, in spite of attempts to save her, died in hospital.

★ ★ ★ THE absence of Joan Fontaine on a War Bond sales tour has given rise to reports that she and husband Brian Aherne are separating—which Brian strongly denies.

★ ★ ★ IDA LUPINO, who sings and dances in Warners' "Thank Your Lucky Stars," told me that she hopes to introduce her own original song numbers into the picture.

Peers of the piano

2GB's dinner music session

Musical instruments come and go in popularity.

But the piano, ever since its perfection more than 100 years ago, has remained the favorite of the majority.

IT is with this thought in mind that 2GB has decided to feature a new piano presentation four nights a week.

The title of this session now being broadcast at 6.45 Mondays to Thursdays is "Peers of the Piano," and it introduces to the microphone four of Australia's popular pianists—Reg. Lewis, Glen Marks, Lettie Keyes, and Jack Lumsdaine.

The reason for the popularity of the piano with performers is explained by Reg. Lewis. "The piano," he says, "is a one-man orchestra. On most instruments you can play a melody, but another instrument is required for the accompaniment to the melody. On the piano, however, the one performer can play both melody and accompaniment. What's more, it is the ideal instrument to sing to."

All four pianists are what is known as popular rather than classical musicians. They do not play according to the sheet-music as laid down by the composer; rather do they rely on their own inspiration and technique to give variety and personal touch.

Monday nights will feature Reg. Lewis. Of recent years he has been better known to music-lovers as conductor and musical arranger, but he started his musical career as a pianist, being self-taught. While he has learned from the recordings of many famous pianists,



JOHN TATE, who portrays the Rev. Henry Maxwell in "In His Steps," broadcast from 2GB every Wednesday night.

he has always sought to develop his own style, borrowing a little here and a little there, but never imitating any player entirely.

Tuesday nights the pianist is Glen Marks. He brings to popular piano music extensive training as a classical pianist, and combines a classical technique with modern methods of playing.

For Wednesday night the artist is Lettie Keyes, who for eight years lived on the sea as entertainer and pianist. She also spent two years in London, where she was audition pianist for one of the best-known London concert agencies. Her programme will feature popular numbers, interspersed with lighter classics.

The Thursday night artist will be that popular radio figure, Jack Lumsdaine. Famous for his songs at the piano, Jack is also a pianist of considerable ability as well as a composer of note.

These programmes at the piano should prove ideal dinner music.

"JUST like that!"

I remarked, "So Roberts was in on it?"

"He didn't even know about it. Mrs. Mercin is smart; she didn't figure to marry no guy that knew she done murder. So Biggers come into it. I figure it this way: Biggers is a good-looking blond guy and fond of the ladies, and the story is he made a play sometimes for ladies that kept cars at that garage. Well, Mrs. Mercin wasn't interested in nothing like that, but she was looking for somebody to knock off her husband, and that give her a chance to sound Biggers out. Toe end was it proved, Biggers would do murder for five thousand dollars."

"I don't get it," I said.

"You will. With Mercin and Armd being the kind of guys they were, Mrs. Mercin couldn't get hold of that much dough without arousing suspicion. So her and Biggers worked out that kidnap racket."

"Sure!" Mrs. Mercin knew that, with her urging him, Armd would pay the five thousand if he thought Mercin was kidnapped. The night Mercin got knocked off, Biggers called up and Mrs. Mercin was waiting to answer. After she'd hung up, she told Mercin that Biggers had phoned her his kid looked like it was dying and he didn't have no money for medicine or a doctor. Of course Biggers didn't have no kid, or no wife, but Mercin didn't know that. She knew what he'd do under them circumstances; he'd go to give help. She'd already fixed it he wouldn't expect her to go with him, by getting undressed and saying she had a headache. She give him Commings' address, claiming Biggers had give it to her over the phone."

"But—" I objected.

"Say! Wait. Well, Mercin went there and Biggers was waiting. If Mercin thought maybe that was too good an apartment for a guy without money, he didn't get suspicious till too late. As soon as Biggers shut the door behind the old man, he hooked his arm under his chin and strangled him. The next day he phoned Armd and Sunday morning he collected the dough."

Murder Trap

Continued from page 6

"But," I said, "how did you solve it?"

"Why, there had to be some connection between Mercin and Commings and there wasn't but one. They used the same garage. It's a big garage and several guys work there, so we looked 'em all up. The most suspicious was Biggers but we wasn't sure it was him."

"Did you suspect Mrs. Mercin?"

"After I seen the toy bear I suspected her. She claimed her husband went out and didn't say where he was going. Well, he went to the corner. There was bears in the window and he thought he was going to see a sick kid, so he went in and bought one. The drug clerk remembered. When Biggers knocked the guy off, he locked in 'his' pockets, the way Mrs. Mercin had told him, and found Commings' address that she had wrote down for him, and he took that and destroyed it. He didn't think nothing about the toy bear."

"I asked myself this: Would a guy be going somewhere he'd take a toy bear with him and not tell his wife? I didn't think so. It looked like a murder 'plant' to me. To find out if it was, we worked an old gag on 'em."

"First we pinched Biggers, but we didn't tell nobody. We found keys at his place and tools for him to make 'em, and in an upholstered chair we found the five thousand bucks. Then we put cops to watch all them people, making sure by the badges they knew they was cops. Roberts didn't pay no attention, and Armd asked the cops what the idea was. Mrs. Mercin said nothing. Wherever she went she seen a cop near her, and the woman just worried."

"When I and you went to Biggers' place and waited, she was ready to break."

"Clever work!" I declared. "You tell the inspector. How he looks at it now, the only way they got caught they was dumber than he was."

(Copyright)

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

SESSION FROM 2GB

EVERY DAY FROM 4.30 TO 5 P.M.

WEDNESDAY, October 14.—Mr. Edwards and Goodie Reeve. Gardening Talk.

THURSDAY, October 15.—Goodie Reeve in "Precious Moments."

Also Mrs. Owen Francis presents "The Housewife on the Home Front."

FRIDAY, October 16.—The Australian Women's Weekly presents Goodie Reeve in Gems of Melody and Thought.

SATURDAY, October 17.—Goodie Reeve in "Musical Mystery."

SUNDAY, October 18.—Highlights from Opera.

MONDAY, October 19.—"Letters from Our Boys."

TUESDAY, October 20.—"Musical Alphabet." Also Mrs. Owen Francis in "The Housewife on the Home Front."

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Movie World

Alice acts as aid to morale

From VIOLA MACDONALD, in Hollywood.

SMILING brilliantly, a picture of shining health, Alice Faye (pictured at left) told me yesterday how happy she is to be working again after her year's absence from Fox, and how her band-leader husband, Phil Harris, approves.

"I believe the screen actress' place in wartime is before the camera, helping to provide needed entertainment," declared Alice. "My first film, 'Hello, Frisco, Hello,' is a musical, and that is the type of picture which people need to-day."

"I am just as ambitious about my screen career as ever, even more so now for Alice's sake," said Alice.

Their baby daughter, Alice Faye Harris (reason for Alice's temporary retirement), is now six months old. According to adoring father Phil, "Junior" is the image of her mother.



Carole would like to ferry bombers

From VIOLA MACDONALD in Hollywood

FULL-TIME war service is being sought by Carole Landis (seen at right) and many another supposedly frivolous glamor girl.

Already one of the colony's busiest civilian war workers, Carole has enrolled in an aviation school to get her pilot's licence.

"When the army opens its doors to women for this service, I hope to be one of the first to ferry bombers in this country, as women are doing in Britain," Carole told me.

Ex-film star Lillian Harvey, a North of London girl in spite of her work in numerous early German talkies, is a full-time Red Cross nurse attached to a

Los Angeles general hospital. "I am not enthusiastic about picture work at this time," said Lillian when I met her. "I feel I am doing more important things."

Anna Neagle has joined the official ranks of the Los Angeles Citizens' Defence Corps and, although she is carrying on her film work, is doing one day a week at Defence Corps headquarters.

Budding actress Frances Rich, daughter of Irene Rich, is the first Hollywood girl actually to enter an auxiliary service. She has been appointed a lieutenant in the Women's Navy Auxiliary, a service Laraine Day is anxious to join.

A 'Big' attraction everywhere!

modelling with "Plasticine," an ever-popular pastime with young and old alike. There's no limit to the fascinating things you can make with "Plasticine." Ask at your local store.



HAR BUTT'S
Plasticine

Agents: Farnford, Newman & Benson, 234 Flinders Lane, MELBOURNE & 56 York Street, SYDNEY

STOP BEING TIRED

Do you feel depressed, a "back number" in the company of bright people? Do you find it a handicap in the race with more active competitors? Do you get exhausted easily? Are you short of energy? Don't let this drag on any longer—take WINCARNIS. Thousands of people just like you have found in this famous tonic wine the key to sparkle and alertness. WINCARNIS nourishes the entire body. It fortifies your brain and nerves because it is a delicious blend of choice, full-blooded wines and two kinds of vitamins essential for vigour. WINCARNIS is the "No-waiting Tonic"—you'll feel the first sip doing you good. A long course is not necessary. Get WINCARNIS from your chemist to-day. 36,000 recommendations from medical men testify to its high medicinal value. Be fit and well now, with WINCARNIS.

Every Day — before Dates
prevent underarm odour with MUM!

MUM quickly,
safely prevents
odour without
stopping
perspiration



ONE little fault—one unguarded moment of charm—can chill romance. Underarm odour is a threat all year round, not only in summer. Play safe—remember your bath only takes care of past perspiration but Mum every day prevents risk of odour to come. What is more, Mum is creamy—smooth—pleasant to use.

SO QUICK—takes 30 seconds and underarms stay fresh for hours. Use it even after you're dressed.

SO SAFE—Mum is harmless to fabrics. It saves your clothes. Won't irritate even sensitive skins.

SO SURE—You can rely on the protection of daily Mum. Besides, Mum does not stop perspiration.

GET **MUM** TO-DAY!

TAKES THE ODOUR OUT OF PERSPIRATION



FOR LUSTRE
THAT LASTS

CUTEX
SALON POLISH

Specially prepared
for longer wear

TRIAL SIZE - 1/2 1/2
REGULAR SIZE - 2/3

A real-life hero and his seven heroines

NEW WAR FILM CONCERNS
ENGLAND'S WOMEN'S ARMY

By cable from ANNE MATHESON in London

REMEMBER John Justin, the devastatingly handsome young man in Korda's technicolor "Thief of Bagdad"? I ran into him again yesterday, wearing an R.A.F. uniform for Britain's big new war film, "We're Not Weeping."

But John's uniform did not come out of the wardrobe at Denham studio—it happens to be his own.

"Where have you been?" I asked him when we met. "We haven't heard a thing about you since you played in 'The Thief.'"

"Oh, it's very simple," retorted John—then lapsed into R.A.F. slang that made our conversation a one-sided affair. He spoke on, and I tried to translate what he was saying.

"I joined the R.A.F. at the outbreak of war," he said. "While I was still a 'sprog,' I was released to finish 'The Thief.' It was during the 'phony war,' and I wasn't getting much flying, anyway."

"I went to Hollywood, and got back here in July, 1940. I had just been made an instructor when I hit

a tree, 'pranged' my 'crate,' and smashed myself up. I nearly died after that 'shaky do,' but got back to flying again, and only a bit of a scar on my forehead now shows. I was lucky, for I thought I'd gone 'for a Burton.'"

The quotes in that illuminating story are my own!

John looks a trifle older. That smash left him for months in hospital with concussion and a bad back. But like most R.A.F.ers he has a deliberately facetious manner when referring to solemn things, and a hatred of "shooting a line" (boasting of exploits), as he does not want to be thought "a Hollywood flier." It was someone else who told me that he is considered an intrepid fighter-pilot to-day.

When I asked more about his life in the R.A.F. he said he had flown a lot with Australians.

"They are keen types and good fliers," he exclaimed.

"I have known dozens of R.A.F. men, and instructing them was 'just a piece of cake.'" (That one's easy to translate).

Now John has been given one brief month's leave for "We Are Not Weeping," in which he is the sweetheart of Joyce Howard, general's daughter and member of the A.T.S. Actually, the film is about seven girls who join the Women's Army of Britain.

But there will be no real-life romance springing out of John's short return to the screen. He is happily married, and his pretty young wife, like many pilots' wives, lives close to the aerodrome where he is stationed.

"All the same, the girls gossiped their heads off speculating as to who was going to be the R.A.F. hero of our film," said Leslie Howard to me. Director of the picture, Leslie took me off to meet the story's seven heroines.

"You'll meet them alphabetically," Leslie informed me. "They are to be billed in alphabetical order, and not one has a more important part than another."

So I met first the highest up in the alphabet, who is also the smallest of the seven, pretty, five-foot-tall Joan Greenwood, who said, laughingly, "I am the weepy one, you know: Betty, the spilt milk child."

Then I greeted Jean Gillie, whom I hardly recognised. Her hair,



John Justin, who made his film debut in Korda's "Thief of Bagdad," is on leave from R.A.F. for "We Are Not Weeping."

which used to float beyond her shoulders, has been cut short in the new "freedom" wave for the picture.

"It's altered the whole shape of my face," she said, as I asked her how she liked her new locks. "I always wanted to have a heart-shaped face, but didn't realise I would achieve this by short hair. So I'm going to keep it this way."

Jean told me she does her own make-up. She is playing a party-girl who joins the A.T.S.

Joan Gates, as a Cockney waitress posted to the A.T.S. cookhouse, was the next one I met. Then Joyce Howard, who was being given fatherly advice by her screen father, Fred Lester, resplendent in red tabs and gold braid.

Rosamund Johns, fresh from her

triumphs in "First of the Few," spoke in a good Scottish tongue, for she is Maggie, a Scots lassie who joins up.

Lilli Palmer, as a Czech girl in khaki, told me how they all love working together.

Barbara Waring bore out what Lilli said, adding, "We even swap each other's powder and clothes. It's rather fun—like being back at boarding school."

Derek De Marney, producer, thinks they've got a job to do in this picture. He told me, "We want the world to know just how magnificently the women are standing up to this war. So, though the picture is about girls of the A.T.S., it's just as true of women in any of the services."

Judy Kelly gets her big chance

By cable from
ANN MATHESON in London

AUSTRALIAN Judy Kelly, who has played many feature roles, has now got her big chance.

Producer George King's new picture at Teddington, "To-morrow We Live," is the vehicle and he is enthusiastic about her prospects.

"Judy is a fine actress," he said to me. "Her part suits her to perfection, and she's put all she's got into it—which is plenty."

"To-morrow We Live" is the story of gallant French resistance. Judy's part is compounded of love, hate, hope, and revenge. She's a little waitress jealously in love with a tough hero (John Clements), who's in love with a pimperl-like heroine (Greta Gynt), who's got everything Judy desires—good looks, clothes, luxuries, and the love of the man Judy adores.

Born in the gutter Judy instinctively goes after what she wants, not worrying about what means she employs. Driven by her love she turns informer against her own countrymen and the man she loves, only to redeem herself at the eleventh hour.

Judy told me she's "completely sold on the part" as I talked to her for a moment before she turned herself over to the dresser.

It was hard to imagine this handsome, smartly-turned-out, redheaded sophisticate, with hazel-green eyes, was the same girl I had been watching as the drably-dressed, emotion-torn product of the slums on the studio's screen.

"Mine has hitherto been the part which was cut out if the film was too long," she said, "but now I've got something that really sticks."

Judy, who's played vamps, "other woman," and sinister foreigner parts, and who's had her share of successes, is a tremendously hard worker.

"I rise at 6 a.m.," she told me. "but I haven't much time to breakfast as I have to leave my flat, near Marble Arch, to be on the set at Teddington by 7.30. I have, however, a healthy appetite, and no need to diet, as my weight stays put at 8st. 7lb., so I try to get a good lunch."

She'd need it, for she is also playing on the stage in "Warn That Man." So Judy puts in a fair day's work—but it seems to agree with her.

REMOVE UGLY FAT!

3 Inches in 10 Days or—it costs you Nothing!

NOW you can actually reduce those unnatural bulging hips and that huge unlovely waist—by a NEW, simple method. Without dangerous drugs, very strenuous exercise, or starvation diets. Secretly in your own room—you can really watch those bulging hips disappearing. An over-prominent sagging bust, fat arms and legs, thick ankles, and double chin can be quickly banished with this marvellous new reducing treatment—it's something entirely different.

New Discovery 'absorbs fat' wherever applied. The body of "middle-aged spread" is laid once and for all by this unique treatment which dissolves fat wherever you apply it—just think what that means to you, complete control of your figure.

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Please send me, with no obligation, your amazing "SOMETHING."

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Red Velvet
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Lournay

LIPSTICK REFILLS



IT'S SO SIMPLE TO REUSE YOUR CONTAINER WITH A LOURNAY REFILL

You simply hold the Refill in your right hand and peel off a strip of cellophane from the base. Press the Refill firmly into the holder and remove balance of cellophane. Your Lournay lipstick is then ready for use.

Cheerful!



The easy way to cheerful health is a course of Clements Tonic. This wonderful tonic, famous for over 50 years, is a natural restorative. When worry and overwork "get you down" take Clements Tonic to rebuild lasting health and strength.

Read what others say:

MERRIWA, N.S.W.

"When I'm depressed and run-down I take Clements. In a few days I feel better, sleep well, appetite is good, and I'm more sunny. Clements is the best tonic on the Australian market."

MILLMAN, QLD.

"Always after a few doses of Clements I feel better, sleep well, appetite is good, and I'm more sunny. Clements is a wonderful tonic."—Mrs. S.T.H.



thanks to
**CLEMENTS
TONIC**

S.121.

Why I switched to Meds



—by an airline hostess

We airline hostesses are modern-minded. So I've always preferred internal sanitary protection. That's why I was so tickled when I learned that the makers of Modess had brought out Meds—a new and improved tampon—at only 1/8 a box of ten. Meds certainly are miles ahead. And they're the only tampons in individual applicators that cost so little.

M.E.2

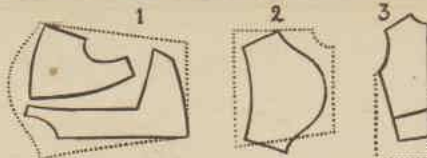


EACH IN INDIVIDUAL APPLICATOR

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF MODESS

Meds

INTERNAL SANITARY PROTECTION



THESE DIAGRAMS show how patterns of No. 2 frock top were placed on opened-out material from old blouse.

Coupon-saving ideas

● Mother equips ex-school daughter for business, saves coupons, wins £1 prize in our weekly contest.

THE two very attractive frocks shown right were remade by Mrs. M. Gostelow, Scone, for her daughter, from white school blouses and outgrown dresses.

Diagrams above show how top section patterns for No. 2 frock were placed on the unpleated and opened-out blouse. Red-and-white bias trimming was cut from old dress; blouse, when finished,



JEANETTE EDWICK in a smart coat from old dress. Saves coupons.

ELSIE ROWLEY looks chic in this slacksuit. Cost nothing to make.

was attached to skirt.

Diagram at right shows pattern placing of No. 1 frock top.

Both designs can be copied.

At left are shown two coupon-savers that earn a 5/- prize in our coupon-saving contest.

The smart coat worn by Jeanette Edwick, of Mulgoa, was made from an old woollen frock belonging to her mother. One of our concession patterns was used for the coat.

The slacksuit or "siren" suit worn by Elsie Rose Rowley was made from an old skirt and frock of Mrs. Rowley's. Balance of material from these garments is being used to make a suit for a younger member of the family.

Now send in your bright coupon-saving idea. It might earn you a cash prize in our coupon-saving contest.

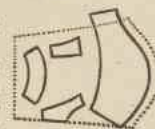
Send full particulars of the article, plus sketch or photograph and negative, to Eve Gye, editor of The Australian Women's Weekly Homemaker Department.



No. 2

No. 1

TWO smart dresses made from white school blouses and last year's frocks.



SHOWING how revere and sleeve patterns for No. 1 frock were placed on material.

GROW BIG-HEARTED LETTUCE

Our Home Gardener shows the way

LETTUCES have to be grown quickly to be crisp and hearty. I prefer a combination of cow and horse manures for light, sandy soils. Heavy soils require the addition of decayed vegetable matter and horse manure. The addition of poultry manure to both light and heavy soils is an advantage, because it contains a large quantity of quickly-available nitrogen—an ingredient that all leafy vegetables require regularly.

Chemical fertilisers should be used sparingly. Get local advice as to the necessity for their addition to soils before using.

Sulphate of ammonia, nitrate of soda, and fowl manure are valuable to lettuces if used in liquid form when plants have started to develop hearts. Liquid fowl manure should be used weak and often.

Liquid manure should never be applied unless the ground is well moistened.

When setting lettuces out, allow 15 inches between plants and between rows.

Cover is important, both after transplanting and during maturation. In extremely hot weather the plants will benefit greatly from hessian covers. Merely stretch the hessian over a long, narrow wooden frame, and nail them to square stakes driven into the ground. These should be about 18 inches high.

Such frames not only conserve moisture, but protect plants from wind and heat waves, but lettuces should always be given the benefit of a few hours' sunning in early morning or late afternoon.

Watering is important. Unless you have ample water, don't try to

grow lettuces. They need large quantities if the leaves are to be crisp and succulent.

Lettuces should be sown in light, sandy soil, preferably in boxes under a glass or hessian frame. When big enough they should be pricked out into boxes containing slightly better soil. This permits development of short, sturdy plants that will not wither when transplanted.

About children who won't eat

By MEDICO

MRS. BLACK came to see me the other day—her two-year-old John, she said, wasn't "eating well."

On questioning her, I discovered the fault didn't lie with John, but with Mrs. Black. She's a busy woman and has had a hard life—she believes that bringing John up "tough" will make a man of him.

I doubt it—she's going the wrong way about things. A child's chief business is to grow strong and develop the right habits. Regular hours for eating and sleeping, a carefully-chosen diet, and fresh air will not only give him sturdy limbs and a clear skin, but a strong digestion which is forearming him for the inevitable strains of later life. One year of good feeding at the beginning of life is more important to him than ten when he's a grown man.

In the first two years, a child must get the idea that he is to eat what he's given—and the training can't start too early. Don't give in to his impulses, but when he refuses food, it is best to try to discover the reason. If there isn't one, don't press him to eat; just give him enough so that he realises he's eating food that he's refused, but needs.

Establishing these habits takes both time and patience, but the earlier one begins the easier it is. Lack of appetite is often found



THIS LAD turns his nose up at good food—prefers to eat bread and butter rather than his vegetables.

to be lack of Vitamin B. Vitamin B is plentiful in wholemeal bread and oatmeal. Coaxing or forcing a child to eat kills his appetite—and it becomes a ritual. Soon you'll find he won't attempt to eat without it.

When he refuses food, don't show any reaction. Simply leave it in front of him for half an hour, and then take it away. He'll soon learn meals are a regular, necessary part of his life.

Food dislikes become a habit, too. All new food looks strange and he immediately distrusts it. Avoid making new food obvious; offer it in small quantities with something he likes.

Continued on page 25

Certain-to-sell SHORT STORIES

A Vic. Weekly paid £7/18/- for one story. Numerous other students have also obtained good prices. Note:

"Nocturne," in "Smith's," recently brought me between £5 and £6.

"Three serials returned me £105." For my last story, "The Darling of Hobart Town," I received £2/10/6.

"In one week I had printed matter in only two papers ('Smith's' and 'The Bulletin') to the amount of £7/10/-, which, I think, is rather satisfactory."

"I have had three articles accepted by JLO and broadcast by the A.M.C."

"The Bulletin" headlined my story, "Justice." I received £4/18/6 for it.

"I have just received a cheque for £8/13/8 from 'The Bulletin' for my story, 'Old George'."

"I received £5 for my first story, 'Twin Ships.' Tilly Pulls Through, £6/6/-."

Stott's Correspondence College

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A.W.W. 242

ITCH GERMS

Cause killed in 3 days

Your skin has nearly 50 million tiny seams and pores where germs hide and cause itching, Cracking, Eczema, Pimples, Acne, Ringworm, Psoriasis, Blackheads, Pimples, Foot Itch, and other blemishes. Ordinary treatments give only temporary relief because they do not kill the germ cause. The new discovery, Nixoderm, kills the germs in 7 minutes and is guaranteed to give you a soft, clear, attractive smooth skin in one week, or money back on return of empty package. Get guaranteed Nixoderm from your chemist or store to-day and remove the real cause of skin trouble.

Nixoderm now 2/-

3 times the quantity for 4/-



ILL-FITTING SHOES are a menace to your feet. They can give you corns and calluses, bunions. When you buy shoes for work, select well-fitting shoes with sensible heels. Above you see Ginny Sims in the most comfortable shoes she could get her hands on for off-duty hours.

Place for their homework

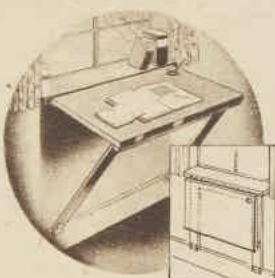
HUNDREDS of our boys and girls are at present studying hard for their school examinations.

One way in which parents can help them is to provide a spot away from the hubbub of family life — and the radio.

And they'll tackle their homework with much more enthusiasm if you give them a special desk of their own.

One like that illustrated can be made by anyone with a knack for carpentry. Choose a suitable window-sill in sitting-room or bedroom, then take a strong square piece of wood and fix it against the edge of the sill with two hinges that allow it to fold down against the wall when not in use.

Now take two stout pieces of wood about 3in. wide, and long enough to be hinged to the wall-siding and reach up to the outer corners of the desk flap when it is in position. Connect these two strips by a third strip screwed across their ends. This



SKETCH of the desk. Directions for making herewith.

strip then rests against a similar strip which is screwed underneath the outer edge of the desk flap. A hole cut for an inkwell finishes the desk, which can then be given a coat of paint or varnish.

VIROL

RESTRICTIONS and difficulties of distribution due to war conditions have unfortunately resulted in VIROL, the well-known building-up and restorative food, being in short supply.

It is hoped that the time is not too far distant when supplies of Virol—the favourite food supplement for children during the years of growth—can again be made available.

VIROL LIMITED
Food Specialists
LONDON ENGLAND

Go slow on BOVRIL till our ship comes in

Shipping delays and difficulties are many these days so that the demand for Bovril will exceed the supply. Be sparing with what you can get. Remember that Bovril is highly concentrated, and a very little makes a big difference to nutriment and flavour.

Keep your feet happy

● Tend them regularly, pamper them if you feel like it, and don't wear high heels all the time.

By MARY ROSE, our beauty expert

GIRLS in the services, you'll note, don't teeter round all day in high heels.

Imagine the result! They'd be cot cases at the end of a week.

There are two ways in particular in which high heels are likely to prove injurious. In the first place, they may have an extremely detrimental effect on posture.

And in the second place, they may be indirect cause of poor foot health. In relation to posture, high heels

tend to throw the body out of alignment.

When such heels are worn a woman must use muscular effort to keep herself erect. She throws her knees forward, curves her spine excessively and throws the abdominal organs out of position in order to preserve her equilibrium.

And a good many bodily ills may result from this unnatural carriage of the body.

The feet and legs, too, may be injured through the wearing of excessively high heels. By throwing the weight constantly forward upon the anterior portion of the foot, high heels are likely to cause depression of the anterior arch.

In addition, they may cause painful calluses, contracted toes, or other troubles.

Of course, I don't intend to say that girls never should wear high heels. That would be silly — and you wouldn't follow my advice, anyway. But I do say that only heels of a sensible height should be worn when you are to be on your feet for any length of time, or intend to do any amount of walking.

Cap your curls . . .

CROCHET CORONET



THIS JAUNTY little hat can be made from string or macramé twine. See directions below.

MATERIALS: One ball of white parcel string (about the thickness of a 4-ply fingering wool); 1 No. 7 crochet hook; and yd. of narrow rolled elastic.

Abbreviations: Ch., chain; d.c., double crochet; tr., treble; sl-st., slip-stitch; rep., repeat; beg., beginning; ins., inches.

BRIM

Make 18 ch. and join into a ring with a sl-st. Work 2 ch., then miss first ch. and work 1 d.c. into each ch. to end. Join with sl-st.

Next Round: Work in d.c. but insert the hook under the body of the d.c. of last round instead of through the loops at the top, this makes it slightly firmer. Rep. this round for 27ins. or long enough to go round head, then sl-st. the two ends together to form a circle and darn in all ends.

CROWN

Begin in centre. Make 2 ch., then work 8 d.c. into second ch. from hook.

2nd Round: 2 d.c. into each d.c., taking up back part of each d.c.

3rd Round: * 1 d.c. in first d.c., 2 d.c. in next d.c.; rep. from * all round.

4th Round: 4 ch. to count as first tr. and 1 ch., then work 1 tr. and 1 ch. in each d.c. below and join to top of 4 ch. at beg. Join with sl-st.

5th Round: Like 4th, but working the tr. on tr. of last round.

About children who won't eat

Continued from page 24

I THINK an attitude of complete indifference on the part of the mother will break down any fads he may form. He's striving for attention and, once he realises none is forthcoming, he'll give in.

The most common cause of poor appetite is the wrong type of food, particularly biscuits, sweets, bread and jam, and anything other than fruit in between meals. Give him small quantities of food at regular hours, and one item at a time, so the next course won't be distracting his attention.

Regularity should be your motto, and your child will respond gratefully. Try it out, because good eating habits, formed while he's young, will stand by him all through life.

Germolene

SKIN OINTMENT

STOPPED
The Awful
IRRITATION
AT ONCE!



11
Years
Suffering
Ended!

"I have suffered from a skin trouble for 11 years and have had local treatment without any benefit. My feet were affected, so you can guess how awful it was to walk. After using two tins of Germolene I am now cured. Germolene stopped the awful irritation at once." Miss G.C.

If you are a victim of any kind of skin trouble try now the effect of wonderful Germolene. Experience how it banishes blisters swiftly, heals open wounds, ends the torment of irritation, inflammation and pain. Germolene soothes at a touch. It is the world's quickest healer.

Small size in glass jars (War-time pack), 1/6; large tins, 3/6.

Germolene Quickly Heals
ECZEMA, BURNS,
SUNBURN, INSECT BITES, CUTS,
ABSCESSSES, HEAT RASH, WOUNDS, etc.

Stop Kidney Poisoning To-day

If you suffer sharp, stabbing pains, if joints are swollen, if show your blood is poisoned through faulty kidney action. Other symptoms of Kidney Disorders are: Broken Bow, Backaches, Lumbago, Leg Pains, Nervousness, Dizziness, Headaches, Colds, Puffy Ankles, Circles under Eyes, Lack of Energy, Appetite, etc. Ordinary medicines can't help much — you must kill the germs ruining health. Cystex relieves these troubles by removing the cause. Get Cystex from any chemist or store on Guarantee to satisfy or money back. In 24 hours you will feel better. The Guarantee protects you. Now in 2 glass, 1/6, 3/6. Guaranteed for Kidney, Bladder, Rheumatism.



Accenting
YOUR NATURAL BEAUTY!



Perfect your make-up with smooth-textured "Three Flowers" Face Creams.

Here's a powder that's made lighter, finer — that won't streak or cake . . . a powder that clings, wears longer . . . enhances your natural loveliness — makes your complexion younger-looking. Shades to suit your type of beauty . . . at Chemists and Stores everywhere.

* three flowers

FACE POWDER AND CREAMS

RICHARD HUDNUT: LONDON, NEW YORK, SYDNEY

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Manuscripts and pictures will be considered. A stamped addressed envelope should be enclosed if the return of the manuscript or picture is desired. Manuscripts and pictures will only be returned at sender's risk, and the proprietors of The Australian Women's Weekly will not be responsible in the event of loss.
Prizes: Readers need not claim for prizes unless they do not receive payment within one month of date of publication. In the event of similar contributions the Editor's decision is final.



For the sake of your family...

Preserve those vegetables

For oven drying, a very slow oven (115 deg. F. to 140 deg. F.) is required.

In most domestic ovens it is only possible to maintain this very low heat by reducing the heating fuel to the lowest possible extent and leaving the oven door open slightly.

TIME REQUIRED

The time varies from 2 to 6 hours. The whole process need not be carried out at the one time, but may be done in two or three sessions. It is recommended, however, that the drying be completed within two days.

STORING

A cool dry spot, protected from household pests, is essential. Containers such as screw-top jars, lidded tins or bins or sealed paper packages have proved satisfactory.

Kitchen storage tests up to 12 months have been made. Longer storage can be effective and hygienic, but yearly seasonal drying is recommended. After drying, leave for about 12 hours before storing.

BEFORE COOKING

Dried vegetables require soaking before use. The time varies. Cabbages require only about 2 hours' soaking, carrots and parsnips need 6 hours, and peas and beans up to 12 hours. Vegetables should be cooked in the water in which they have been soaked. Powdered parsley, mint, and grass can be used at once in sauces, savories, entrees, or in savory flour mixtures.

In the preparation for drying the following points should be noted:

● Sometimes your home patch yields more than you can possibly use at once. Occasionally there is a glut in the market of peas, beans, etc. Seize such an opportunity to store up vegetables for use in the lean weeks and months.

By OLWEN FRANCIS

Food and Cookery Expert to The Australian Women's Weekly.

BROAD BEANS

Shell, blanch in hot salted water for 1 minute. Place on drying rack and dry in the slowest possible oven until quite hard. About 5 to 6 hours is the required time. Allow to germinate before cooking.

CARROTS, TURNIPS, OR PARSNIPS

Shred or slice and immerse in boiling salted water for 3 minutes. Spread on trays, and dry in the slowest possible oven with door slightly open until quite hard and leathery to tear. Time is from 5 to 6 hours.

The grated carrot can be mixed for drying with grated parsnip and turnip, and the mixture stored for use in soups.

CABBAGE

Wash and remove any damaged leaves. Shred finely and place in a sieve or wire basket and immerse in boiling salted water for 3 to 4 minutes. Drain and place in thin layers on drying trays. Place in very slow oven, maintaining the lowest possible heat and leaving the door slightly open. Stir occasionally. The cabbage is quite dry when no moisture can be squeezed from it. Time, approximately 6 hours.

ONIONS

Chop finely, blanch in a fine sieve in boiling water for 1 minute. Drain and spread on muslin-covered drying rack or aluminium tray and dry in a very slow oven (140 deg. F.) until no water can be squeezed out. Store in airtight containers.

CELERY

Cut the stems in 1 in. lengths and blanch in boiling salted water for 2 minutes. Spread on a sieve rack and dry in the slowest possible oven until, when tested, no moisture can be squeezed from the celery. About 6 hours is the average time.

PEAS

Shell and blanch in hot salted water for 1 to 2 minutes. Dry in a very slow oven, with door slightly open, until quite hard and dry inside. Time, about 5 hours.

POTATOES

Peel or scrape good quality potatoes, slice thinly and expose to steam from boiling water until hot, about 2 minutes. Spread on drying rack and dry in a very slow oven (130 deg. F.) until quite hard and no moisture can be squeezed out. Time, about 6 hours.

PUMPKIN

Cut into about 1 in. thick slices or cubes and suspend in steam from boiling water until transparent. Spread on drying rack and dry in a very slow oven until hard.

SPINACH

Wash the leaves and remove the green from the white midribs. The two sections should be dried separately. The spinach green, shredded and dried as for cabbage, and the white as for celery. With a slightly increasing temperature the spinach can be dried more quickly, as for parsley, and powdered.

GRASS (COUCH)

Gather the grass in the early morning. Wash in a sieve and blanch in boiling salted water for 3 minutes. Drain well and spread on drying rack. Dry in very slow oven, with door slightly open, until no moisture is left in the grass. A slightly increasing temperature is necessary if the grass is to be powdered. Time, about 4 hours.

VEGETABLES, green and root, are essential foods. Their mineral and vitamin content is necessary for the general health and special functioning of the body.

The mineral and roughage value of vegetables and a small percentage of their vitamin content are preserved in the drying and bottling processes.

In planning vegetable gardens—an important part of the Victory campaign—plan not only for present consumption but for use in the seasons when vegetables are scarce and expensive.

Home-drying is a simple process.

Choose fresh, crisp vegetables, roots young, cabbage firm, spinach fully grown, celery green and solid-stemmed, peas full podded and well grown, and broad beans fully grown. Tubers should be sound, and pumpkin firm and deeply colored.

When vegetables are dried they are reduced to about one-ninth of their original bulk; this makes them very convenient for transport and storage.

DRYING TRAYS

Muslin-covered cake sieves are useful as drying racks and more effective than solid oven trays.

DRYING TEMPERATURES

In very dry areas (low humidity) vegetables can be dried in the sun.

Kitchen cutouts

Basic Recipe No. 17

OMELETS

TWO eggs, 1 tablespoon water, 1oz. butter, salt and pepper. Separate the whites from yolks of eggs, add pinch of salt to the whites and beat stiffly. Blend the yolks with the water and fold into the whites. Prepare the omelet pan beforehand by heating a little of the butter—pour off and wipe pan with kitchen paper. Melt remainder of butter in pan and pour in omelet mixture. Cook slowly over a low gas, and when set and lightly browned underneath place under a glowing grill to set the top. Serve immediately.

Variations:

1—Add 1 teaspoon finely-chopped parsley and 1 tablespoon chopped ham.

2—Add about 2 tablespoons of cooked chopped chicken, mushroom, sweetcorn, or brains. Bake in greased ramekin dishes at 375 deg. F. for 7 to 10 minutes.

3—Sprinkle breadcrumbs over the melted butter in pan. Add about 1 cup of left-over diced cooked vegetables to egg mixture. Place in pan and sprinkle top with crumbs.

4—Spread omelet with jam, fold in halves and dredge with sugar.



MEALS IN THE GARDEN are part of this family's programme for keeping the children happy. Good company, no fuss, sunshine, a pleasant setting, and these youngsters get the best from their meals.

Feeding children

THE child's appetite for simple good foods is the best guide to quantity.

Refusal of meals or poor appetites may be due to:

- 1.—Too much food being offered, or too frequent meals.
- 2.—Wrong food being given, over-rich, over-seasoned, or monotonous diet.
- 3.—Lack of fresh air and exercise resulting in lassitude.
- 4.—Illness—signs and symptoms should be noted without consulting the child. If there is no obvious cause that can be adjusted, medical advice should be obtained at once.

Should an obviously healthy child refuse food for no specific reason, he should be left alone and not forced to eat. He will be ready for his next meal.

In feeding children remember! Good, balanced meals; regular meals; simple preparation; no fussing; simple service; attractive service; comfortable chairs; variety.

Special care should be taken to include milk (12 pints daily), butter (1oz. for child over 6), cheese (especially grated), eggs (1 daily), fresh fruit and vegetables, whole cereals and hard foods (dental exercise).



THE HIGH FOOD VALUE of tomatoes justifies their purchase, especially when oranges are scarce. Here they are baked with a cheesy spinach filling.



THIS MOULDED VEGETABLE SALAD is very satisfying. Flavor the binding sauce or dressing well, and add just enough gelatine to set lightly.



BREAD FRIED IN BACON fat is the basis of these vegetable rissolos. Served piping hot for breakfast, they are satisfying and most sustaining.

AUSTERITY RECIPES FROM READERS

● All win cash prizes in our recipe contest

THIS week's mail has been even more interesting than usual. It included recipes and letters from remote parts of Australia, four recipes from the U.S.A., and two from India!

The majority of entries observed austerity rules. Dozens of recipes used honey in the place of sugar, and ingredients on the short list were omitted or used sparingly.

The large number of entries of fruit cakes reminded me that it is time to be making Christmas cake, so watch for our rich fruit cake basic recipe in an early issue.

A reminder to the many of you who write asking questions: Please enclose a stamped and addressed envelope.

The mock sausages winning first prize should prove popular. Use up the left-over porridge in this way, and serve with a good brown onion gravy. A little finely-chopped bacon through the mixture is a great improvement.

MOCK SAUSAGES

Boil 1 cup rolled oats in 2 cup salted water for 15 minutes. Then add finely-chopped onion to flavor. Mix well, empty into basin. When cool, add 1 beaten egg, pepper, and herbs to taste, 1 cup breadcrumbs.

Shape into sausages, roll in flour, fry in deep boiling fat till golden brown. Very tasty, and a good substitute for meat.

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. T. H. Kimber, West Mooki, Quirindi, N.S.W.

HONEY FRUIT CAKE

Half-cup honey, 1 cup cream, 1 teaspoon salt, 2 eggs, 1 cup currants, 2 tablespoons chopped peel (home preserved orange peel), 2 cups flour, 2 teaspoons baking powder.

Begin with honey, and beat in ingredients in order given. Bake in patty pans in quick oven, or in one tin in moderate oven.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. W. T. Cooper, Private Bag, Arno Bay, S.A.

BAKED TURNIP DUMPLINGS

Take six medium white turnips. Peel and steam until tender but firm.

For young wives and mothers

TRUBY KING SYSTEM

Dangers of over-stimulation

NATURE provides for the rapid growth of a baby's brain. The bones of the skull at birth are not wedged tightly together as in adult skulls, but have spaces left to allow room for the brain to develop.

Parents should realize that in the first two years of life the brain grows more than in all the rest of life. It is essential that the delicate nervous system should not be over-stimulated during this period of rapid growth.

Over-stimulation in a very young baby causes digestive disturbances and nervous disorders.

A leaflet dealing with this subject has been prepared by The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, and a copy will be forwarded free if a request with a stamped addressed envelope is forwarded to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4098WW, G.P.O., Sydney.

Please endorse your envelope "Mothercraft."



THE HOME IS STILL THE HUB . . .

In war-time, as in peace, the home is still the hub of every family—on which the man in the fighting forces depends for his inspiration, memories and letters . . . his fellow worker in the industrial battlefield for comfort and relaxation from the fatigue and strain of a hard day's work.

The home is what we're fighting for . . . let us fight for it with our money, too. In putting every penny we can into the war effort—let us look upon it as an investment in the continued security and unity of our home.

Investing your money now will bring dividends . . . after.

BUY WAR SAVINGS CERTIFICATES

Inserted by CLINTON-WILLIAMS PTY. LTD., Sydney.

Manufacturers of:
Buckley's Canadell Mixture
Buckley's Winter Rub
Frozal Ice
Colimated Icom Shampoo
Vaseline
Crysolite Rapid
Mount's Emollient Oil
Faswell
Mucron
Velinol "detergent"
and many other high-class pharmaceutical products.

Arnott's on service"



Dear Sirs:

My grocer cannot supply some of my favourite biscuits. Have you stopped making them?

Dear Madam:

Our factories are working at full capacity. Arnott's Biscuits are "On Service" on every Australian battle front. We have removed many lines from our lists to enable us to fulfil war orders, and we look forward to that happy day when supplies will once again be ample.

Grocers everywhere are assisting us to distribute fairly our available supplies and avoid disappointment to our many friends.



PLEASE RETURN ALL
EMPTY TINS TO
YOUR GROCER AS
SOON AS POSSIBLE.